TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE F. SKINNER.

I.

The memories of childhood,
How pleasantly they come,
With the sound of singing waters,
And the wild bee's dreamy hum;
With the breath of scented clover,
And the incense-like perfume,
That floated from the orchard trees
Throughout their days of bloom.

II.

With a vision of the meadow,
Where the purple violets grew,
And buttercups, like drops of gold,
Lay sparkling in the dew;
The streamlets where the mosses
Were ever green and bright,
The steep banks where the laurels
Showed clusters pink and white.

III.

Of the blue and breezy upland,
The woodland dark and wild,
And the hillside where the early flowers
I loved so dearly, smiled;
How radiant was the sunshine,
How balmy were the showers,
Which fell on those beloved scenes
In life's unclouded hours.

IV.

And echoes of sweet voices
Their golden memories bring,
Such tones as thrill and charm the heart
When life is in its spring;
The songs my father sang me,
The baby's bird like glee;
The soft, low voice of infant prayer
Beside my mother's knee.

V.

Bright seasons of my childhood,
Dear echos of the past,
Upon my life-path later years
Have many a shadow cast;
But through them all the sunshine
Of early Summer still,
Beams with a freshness and a warmth
Time cannot change or chill.

Falls City, Pa.

Our Story Teller.

IN AN APPLE-ORCHARD.

A STORY.

The house stands somewhere between Plymouth and Moldbury, a good distance from the high road, from which it is approached by a tall hedged lawn.

Apple-orchards surround it on all sides; wildly luxuriant orchards, in which every kind of apple for which Devonshire is famous is to be found. There are a few quince and pear trees interspersed among the apple trees in what is called the home orchard on account of the trees in it encroaching more closely upon the house than in either of the others. But in the time of blossom the rose colors and pinks of every shade put the snowy bloom of pear and quince entirely into the minority.

There is a court-yard in front of the house; a fine square court yard, with a pond in the middle of it, with a willow weeping over its border. The stables and coach-house are on one side of this; the dairy and hen-houses are on the other, and opposite the house, at the extreme end of the yard, are the cow-houses and pig-styes.

There is always a great stir of life and animation in this yard. The hens seem to cackle with louder complacency; the pigs give vent to more sonorous grunts of content; the gobbling turkey-cock, and quacking geese and ducks, lift up their respective voices with more animation on this prosperous farmstead than they do on neighboring lands. Everything is scrupulously clean and bright, from the deep red brick pavement which runs along in front of the house to the wooden cattle-troughs at the further end of the yard. In Winter carefully trained hollybushes, a pyracanthus, and scarlet japonica give a desirable tone of color to the front of the house. In Spring the delicate apple-blossoms makes the sweet air blush, and in Summer there are masses of myrtle and clematis, of jasmine and cluster roses, clinging about the eaves, and mingling their white and crimson and buff hues together in delicious harmony.

The place is known as the Little Firs, farm and house, and it has been held by the Ainslie family for several generations of Squire Ffolett. The present holder of the farm is a young fellow of about 27, who wisely follows in the economical footsteps of his forefathers in most respects, but departs from the path they trod in peace and prosperity in the matter of hunting.

"No tenant farmer, who gets his whole living out of the land, has time to go galloping about after dogs and foxes; leave that to the gentry, who'd be up to worse mischief perhaps if they weren't trampling over the crops, and trying to spoil the hedges and break their own neck's," his mother, who lives with Richard Ainslie, and keeps the house with zeal and discretion, tells him. But Richard, though he reveres her opinion, disregards it on this one point. He always has good horses in his stable, and his seat and hands are not at all interior to those of the gallant old master of the hounds, Squire Ffolett himself. Moreover, though Richard Ainslie has cornered the field more than once, and is never known to be in a bad place, it is not after the hounds and the fox only that he rides so unremittingly and well.

The apple blossoms are in their fullest glory just now, and old Mrs. Ainslie, sitting in her comfortable highly-polished-up parlor at the end of the house, catches sight of dozens of the primest trees hung with sheets of rosy bloom. Her soul is glad within her this morning, for several reasons. Unless high winds and destructive rains come to blur it, the cider prospect is a fairer one than ever this year, and Little Firs cider always commands a high price in the market. This is one great cause of gratification. Another is that her favorite young friend, Janie Welbyn, has come to spend the whole day with her. And yet another exists in the consciousness that she has a new cap just out from Plymouth, which will presently surmount her own kind, clear-eyed, soft-complexioned face most becomingly. Lastly, she is not indifferent to the fact that the chickens now being basted carefully at the kitchen fire for the one o'clock dinner are bouncing birds, weighing five pounds apiece, being of a most successfully mixed race which she has carefully bred herself.

Presently she hears voices outside the window, and her face brightens as she looks up and sees her well-grown son walking along under the glowing apple-trees by the side of a trim figured hazel-eyed girl, whose dress of striped galatea is moulded as accurately to her rounded form by her own deft fingers as if it had been the work of a Regent street milliner.

"They're a handsome couple, and glad shall I be the day I hear it's settled that they are to be married," Mrs. Ainslie thinks as her eyes follow them; for it is one of the pet schemes of her honest active brain that Janie shall succeed her as queen of the Little Firs farm house.

"There's no pinching, nor wasting, nor idleness in the Welbyns' house," she is telling herself in a self-congratulatory spirit, when her reflections on this agreeable point are cut short by the sound of horse's hoofs clattering over the stones in the court yard, and of a bright bell-like voice ringing out a demand to know "If Mr and Mrs. Ainslie are at home?" The old mother's face grows curiously perplexed and flushed as these sounds greet her ears, for the voice is the voice of Miss Ffolett, the Squire's daughter, and intuition teaches Mrs. Ainslie that Miss Ffolett's visits bode no good to her son.

But she cannot retain a touch of vexation in heart or manner when the room door is swung open and Miss Ffolett comes bounding in, sweet and full of life as are all the Spring influences around her, and beautiful with the beauty of youth and high breeding and gentlest courtesy. She is in her hat and habit—she is rarely seen out of these garments until nightfall, indeed—and as she advances, her slender, willowy figure clearly outlined, her sapphire blue eyes sparkling with high health and intelligence, her fair face bright and clear in hue as a monthly rose, Mrs. Ainslie feels that her Dick would be blind indeed if he did not see something in her that thrilled him more than Janie's more substantial charms will ever have the power to do.

"I come with a message from papa," says this dazzling youth Diana, shaking the old lady's hand heartily. "He hasn't given a tenant's ball since the year I was born, and now he's going to give one on my coming of age—the third of next month, you know. I would come and give the invertation to Dick and you myself, and I'll tell you what I'm going to wear, and all about it; but I must see Dick too, please Mrs. Ainslie, about the brown colt. I know I'm to have another horse given me on my birthday, and of all things I would like Dick's brown colt; but he mustn't tell, and you mustn't either, that I've said anything about it, for I'm supposed not to know."

She laughs delightedly as she says this, and Mrs. Ainslie is beginning to say how she is sure that the Squire would give this apple of his eye all that her fancy desires, when Belle Ffolett catches sight of the couple out in the orchard.

"Who's that with Dick?" she asks, quickly advancing to the casement and opening it. "What a pretty picture they make under the apple trees. No! don't call them; I like to look at them. I wish I could sketch."

"It's Janie Welbyn, Miss Belle," Mrs. Ainslie says, coming and standing by the side of her young visitor. "Don't you remember her? She's grown away a fine girl since she's been at school in Plymouth."

"And is Dick going to marry her?" Miss Ffolett asks with quick interest. "Yes, I know her again now; isn't she pretty? I'll tap to them, and make them look foolish;" and she taps with her whip on the window-pane, and rings out a clear merry "Good morning, Dick!" without hesitation.

Janie looks round from under the green leaves and pink blossoms happily and undisturbedly as Eve might have looked in Paradise. "It's Miss Ffolett," she says simply. "Oh! isn't she pretty, Dick?" and in her absorbing admiration for the pretty young lady of the land, the girl does not see the nervous agony of confused embarrassment which seems about to overwhelm Dick. Even if she saw it she would not understand it. For Miss Ffolett is "the Squire's daughter," a young lady who spends her glittering life in dining and dancing, and picnicking and hunting, and playing lawn-tennis, and simple-minded Janie has no understanding of the "desire of the moth for the star."

"Come in, both of you," cries Belle, with the gracious peremptoriness that is in her manner to all alike from peasants to Princes; "come in and hear my news." And the pair obey her; the girl glad to go and be questioned and shaken hands with by "dear Miss Belle again," and the man sick unto death nearly at being so near to her, with such an impassable gulf between them.

"Shall I congratulate them?" Belle asks hurriedly, as the young people pass out of sight on their way round to the entrance door, and Mrs. Ainslie shakes her head and says:

"Dick hasn't spoken yet, Miss Belle, but I know what her answer will be. Bless the child, she worships the ground he walks on, and she'll make him a good wife; no wasting and no pinchings for the Welbyns; they're all through of a piece. I couldn't abide a coverslut to come here in my place."

"I think I should like the man to worship the ground I trod on," Belle says; and just then Dick and Janie came into the room, and Miss Ffolett proceeds to tell them about her birth-day ball, and to ask about the brown colt without delay.

Have him? Of course she shall have him; there isn't a question about that.

Dick's eyes danced with pleasure at the thought of seeing her on the colt he had bred so cleverly and nurtured so tenderly His soul burns with the ardor of his desire to give her the colt, but he does not dare to do this. He almost winces as he thinks of the surprise that would flash from her bright blue eyes if he proposed such a thing, and he almost hears the sternly grave tones in which the Squire would refuse the offering for his daughter.

"I had him out in the lower meadow, and took him over some timber this morning, and if I'd had a cup of water in my hand there wouldn't have been a drop spilled. He's as clever at his fences already as his mother, Bayleaf, was, and you know what she was, Miss Ffolett? you've seen her many a time."

"Yes, and you rode her so splendly," the young lady says, frankly complimenting him, without a thought of the way in which her words made the blood leap along his veins. "I should like to see the colt, Dick."

"I'll bring him out," the young farmer says promptly; but Belle says:

"No, no, I'll go to the stable and look at him; and, mind, not a word to papa or any one about my having asked about him. They want to surprise me," she laughs joyously, "so you must help me to keep the secret I've found out; but if you hear of any one from our house wanting to buy a horse, mind you offer the brown colt."

She is going out to the stable with Richard Ainslie as she says this, leaving Mrs. Ainslie and Janie in the parlor.

"What a pretty girl Mrs. Belle has grown," Janie bursts forth with enthusiasm. "I saw her in Plymouth the other day, riding with her pa and Lord Charles Collingford, one of the gentlemen on board the Admiral's ship. They say in Plymouth that Lord Charles is after her."

"Now, do they?" Mrs Ainslie responds fervently. With her whole heart would she rejoice to hear that every nobleman's heart in the country was laid at Miss Ffolett's feet. All the better for her son's peace of mind, the old lady deems it, that fair Miss Belle should have many ardent and gallant and suitable adorers. Right glad will she be when one of these is chosen. "Then Dick'll settle himself," she thinks; "settle himself with Janie."

The brown colt "is a picture," and deports himself faultlessly. Miss Ffolett, standing by him in his stall, flings her arm around his strong shiny neck, presses her fair cheek down on his satin skin, and vows that he, and no other, shall be her own dear horse." Dick, standing about somewhere between the colt's heels and the harness-room door, watches the group with curiously compounded feeling of pleasure and anguish. How good she is to look upon! How graciously she permits him to look upon her! How closely she seems to approach him in her liking, and sympathy, and interest in the colt! How far she is away from him in reality!

The young farmer hates his position, and despises himself for so hating it, as he stands watching her. It is useless for him to attempt to remind himself that the "rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." What's the use of a man being gold if he's such a rough nugget that this lady's eyes can not perceive his value? Would that he had the rank—aye, and with it the thousand and one traits and characteristics, habits and manners, and tricks of bearing that mark the difference between those who wear the rank from mere men such as himself. And while these thoughts go surging through his brain, she lifts her winsome proudly gracious little face away from the brown colt's near shoulder, and says:

"I must't selfishly give all my thoughts to the colt, Dick. Your mother tells me that Janie Welbyn and you—"

She pauses abruptly. The man's face is charged in a moment with such passion and such grief that she can saw no more.

"My mother shouldn't trouble you with the nonsense she thinks about Janie and me, Miss Ffolett. Here, Jim," he calls sharply to the tableman, "you haven't given the colt half the grooming he ought to have after the sweating I gave him this morning.

He goes into the harness room, and comes back a moment or two after, with a couple of fine brushes in his hand.

"I'll give the colt a rub down myself, Miss Ffolett," he says, stripping off his coat, and turning to work with more than a groom's ardor. He takes a savage satisfaction in showing himself at his roughest before her. His honor demands that he shall assume to be no more than he is a working farmer, before this radiant, unmercifully friendly young queen of his soul, who, standing by, says presently:

"I always wish to do that for any horse I like. The darling! look how he turns his nose to you, his dear fine quivering nostrils. How can you help kissing him? I couldn't."

"Miss Belle, will you go in to mother?" he asks despairingly. "She'll think so much of it if you go and praise up the colt to her, because Bayleaf was my father's favorite mare, and mother thinks too much can't be said for the colt."

He looks haggard and harassed, but Belle Ffolett takes no special note of his looks. She merely gives the colt a farewell pat, and then step across the yard to the house, daintily tapping her pretty little Hungarian boots as she walks, thinking pleasantly of how much somebody will like to look at her when she is on that brown colt's back.

"Dear old Charlie!" she thinks: "I should be just as fond of him if he hadn't a penny and wasn't his brother's heir." Then, in spite of this asseveration, her spirit kindles within her at the prospect of being a Marchioness, and she goes back into Mrs. Ainslie's parlor with a lovelier light than ever beaming in her eyes, and something in her step that seems like jocund Spring itself.

Looking at the brightness and the lightness, and remembering that the girl has just come from the stable where her son is, the old lady says to herself indignantly:

"She's no business to go on like this flattering him, poor boy, with looking so happy because he's got a colt she wants to buy! And all her pretty ways make Janie seem set and heavy like; yet Janie's the wife for him, and the wife he'll have, and this one will be no more to him than the crowned Queen on the throne."

Belle lingers for a few minutes, babbling on in her happy unconsciousness, and then, without giving a thought to young Ainslie's protracted absence in the stable, she says goodbye to Miss Ainslie and Janie, mounts her horse, and rides away to luncheon at a big country house near Plymouth, where she is to meet many of her friends. To one of these, Lord Charles Collingford, she confides a little secret.

"You can have that brown colt, Charlie," she says. "I have taken the trouble to find that out for you this morning. Young Ainslie, of little Firs, bred herself, so you can bring the colt in one hand, and demand me of papa with the other, on my birthday."

"I've told Occington, and prepared him for the worst he'll meet in you," Lord Charles says, speaking of his brother the Marquis. Then the pair who are not 'engaged' before the world yet, but who are to be on Belle's twenty-first birthday, proceed to develop some of their own plans to one another, and to hope that Occington and papa will fall in with them.

Meanwhile the chickens, a trifle overdone, for Dick found a tiresome lot of things to detain him in the stable, are served on the Little Firs farm-house table, and Janie surveys with secret grateful satisfaction the well-worn table silver and linen, and glittering glass and fine old Wedgwood service that will be hers if matters go on as she and Mrs. Ainslie, together with the gossip of the neighborhood, have arranged that they shall.

The girl does not notice that Dick is suspiciously silent during dinner. It is the habit of her father and brothers, solid farmers of a heavier type than Dick, to be silent during meals. Nor does it wound the vanity she has not, to find that Dick is alive and astir to get out over the farm after dinner. There is always a lot to do on the land, and it pleases her well that the man who is to be her master and keeper should be on the alert in looking after his own interests. But it does pain her a little, when his mother leaves them alone for a few minutes before he goes out, that Dick prefers to study one of the Plymouth dailies instead of talking to her.

"Is there much news in the papers, Dick?" she asks. Poor soul, if he answered her that the Kimberly Horse had joined issue with the Home Rulers, and that the whole party had taken a tourist's ticket to Rome via Afghanistan, she would not be much the wiser. But he is very literal.

"There's nothing that you would care to hear, Janie."

"I like to hear the news," she says, perking herself up. "One feels so silly if one never hears of anything that is going on away from our own place. What a lot Miss Belle must hear, to be sure! all those gentlemen in the regiment and ships in Plymouth go out to the Squire's to dine, some of them every day."

Dick has been religiously brought up, therefore he tries not to inwardly curse both services.

"Well, I'm off," he shouts, flinging the helpless paper away on his mother's work basket. "The land won't look after itself, worse luck: good-bye, Janie, you'll be gone before I come in. I dare say."

"Not if you're in to tea," she says modestly.

"I'll say good-bye at any rate. I never know what may keep me when I get on to the farm," he says, a little awkwardly, for her eyes are bent upon him with such a look of entreaty that he can hardly bear to refuse her outspoken requests. And she is obliged to say good-bye, and to see him go away without his having given one word of the promise her heart is teaching her to hope for from him.

She stays to tea with her old friend; but the hours of the afternoon drag slowly, and the tea, to which Dick does not come in, is a dull meal. The brightness that had been about everything in the morning in Janie's eyes has vanished, and she almost feels disposed to quarrel with fate for having made Miss Ffolett's lot so much more brilliant than her own.

By and by, as the sweet Spring-tide evening shades are gathering, the girl takes leave of Dick's mother, and starts on her homeward walk to her father's farm.

"Strange of Dick not to come and walk along with you," the old lady says, as her favorite departs; "but men who never neglect their business, even when they're courting, making the best husbands."

And with these comforting words ringing in her ears, Janie is fain to leave without getting another glimpse of Dick.

But he sees her pass out of the court-yard, and go on alone into the dying light from his post of observation in the harness room, whether he has retired to smoke and think.

"She's a nice good girl, but I can't go home with her to-night," he says to himself with a sigh. "I couldn't say anything to her to-night, not after seeing Miss Ffolett; and I know mother thinks I ought to speak out to Janie, or have done with it."

It is the day before Belle Ffolett's birthday, and the Squire has his otter hounds out. Everybody who knows anything of either otter hunting or the Ffolett's is here, for the pool to be drawn is the famous one on the Little Firs Farm property, down at the bottom of the home orchard, where the river winds around the apple trees in one of its most picturesque curves.

It is one o'clock when they near this point — the best for the purpose of luncheon that they will reach for the day. So the hampers are taken out from the wagonette in which Mrs. Ffolett is driven discreetly to see the sport, and the Squire's friends, and every stranger who likes to do so, draw nearer to be regaled.

Belle is here with her long otter-pole in her hand, in a dress and hat of gray serge which suits her to perfection, and by her side—always by her side—is Lord Charles Collingford, whom she addressed openly now as "Charlie," and to whom it is generally understood she is engaged.

"Where is Ainslie?" the Squire asks aloud, as they settle to the serious work of the day, and leave a couple of wise old hounds to watch the hole from whence the otter will emerge by and by. "Where is Ainslie? It's the first time he has not been out with us for two years. He must come and drink my daughter's health with the rest. His family are the oldest tenants on the property," he adds, in an explanatory tone, to the Marquis of Occington, who is down here to give his approval of his brother's choice in the most unmistakable way on the morrow. Bonnie pretty Belle is going to be a very great lady: but she feels a heartier pleasure this day in showing her father's tenants and friends how her father's daughter is appreciated, than she will ever feel in her more dazzling triumphs in society by and by.

"One of you young fellows run up to the house and bring Ainslie down," the Squire shouts; and good-natured Charles Collingford jumps up and declares he will fetch him out.

"And I'll come with you," Belle says. "And have a look at the brown colt," she adds in a whisper. And the handsome pair suit the action to the word, and walk away through the orchard to the house to fetch Ainslie, and look at the colt.

But Dick is not at home to-day. His mother thinks he has business in Plymouth. At any rate, he went away early this morning on the brown colt.

"And is it settled with pretty Janie Welbyn yet?" Belle asks, standing up proudly by the side of the young lord, her lover, who is so soon to take her away from her own people.

"Yes, thank God!" his mother says reverently; "Dick has made a wise choice, and will have one of the best and most prudent of girls for a wife."

"I'm so glad! and Lord Charles and I will go to their wedding; won't we, Charlie?" Belle says buoyantly, and then she whispers a few words to her betrothed, and he says:

"Will your son, Mrs. Ainslie, be kind enough to send the brown colt up to the Squire's to-morrow morning?" And then he laughs and adds gallantly: "He's to be the first present my future wife will deign to accept from me, Mrs. Ainslie, so I'm anxious to secure him—at your son's price, of course."

Mrs. Ainslie makes the handsome, jolly-looking young naval nobleman one of her daintiest mixtures of bow and curtesy; and he goes back presently to the group by the river side with Belle, declaring himself to be quite enraptured with the Ainslies and their surroundings.

"If I were a girl, I should fall in love with that fine young fellow and this old-picture holm," he says jollily. "Belle, why haven't you found a pretty girl for him to marry? You neglect your duty. Upon my word, I shall have to brush you up, and make you keep your eyes open when I take you to our place;" and then he calls his brother to his aid, and they both begin chaffing her charmingly about her future duties as queen regnant of the house of Occington.

"Mr. Ainslie has found a pretty girl for himself," Belle chimes in. "Papa, you ought to arrange that your two old tenants children should be married on the same day as your own daughter: I should like it of all things, for the brown colt (he is mine now, isn't he Charlie?) will always be a bond between Dick Ainslie and me."

"My daughter can't forget the ways of her childhood, you see" the Squire says smilingly to Lord Occington, and he replies:

"A pity she should, as they're such pretty ways I think Charlie's one of the luckiest fellows in the world and—"

There is a cry that the otter has come out and gone down the stream at this juncture, and the whole party thrown off their luncheon lethargy and prepare to follow him. He is a wary old dog-otter, conversant with every twist and turn of the river, and with every hole in the bed of it accurately mapped out in his head. He gives them a lively lead for half an hour, and then, just as he is twisting himself round the trunk of a tree that seems to spring out of a stone by the river edge, Dick Ainslie suddenly appears and tails him!

He is an old dog-otter, sorely hunted and savage, and he turns and rends the hand that has checked his career.

"Bitten you in the thumb, has he, Dick?" Miss Ffolett says, eagerly coming forward; "let me bind it up! Oh! it is nothing? I'm so glad; I was afraid he had hurt you."

"Will you have his skin as a foot-warmer, Miss Ffolett?" Ainslie asks. "Do. You will, won't you?" and he swings the otter, who is dead now, round him, and clears a circle as he speaks.

"Young Ainslie will jump into the river and get bitten by hunted beasts once too often," two or three of young Ainslie's friends says to one another, as they jog home after the otter-hunt is over. "There's something queer in his family. His grandfather hanged himself after the best year he ever had on the land."

"Hanged himself in the home-orchard, didn't he? I don't know that I've heard rightly tell, but they say the Ainslies in every other generation come to a bad end."

"Dick's end will be to marry Miss Janie Welbyn, and that won't be so bad for him," they laugh, and while they are settling his fate thus comfortably, Dick stands in the apple-orchard alone.

"There's the spot," he says to himself, "They cut the tree down, and dug up mold around it, but there's the spot where poor old grandad did for himself. That was a dark night's work. I wonder dear little Janie can think of me, and be willing to come to a place with the stain of self-drawn blood on it." Before he goes to bed this night Dick makes his mother very happy.

"I shall settle it with Janie at Miss Ffolett's, ball to-morrow night, mother," he says.

"And get married before harvest, Dick," she says earnestly. "Lor! what a help Janie will be at that time."

It is a very brilliant affair, this birthday ball of Belle Ffolett's. In the first glow of her happiness, her engagement openly acknowledged and approved of by the heads of both houses, the girl feels as if she could not do enough to make her fellow creatures glad and happy too.

Another young engaged couple are here also, and on these Belle Ffolett's interest is soon concentrated. Richard Ainslie and Janie Welbyn "have made it up between themselves," and blushing Janie is hardly second to Miss Ffolett this night in the intensity of her satisfaction at having won the love she prizes.

"You must be married the same day I am—the third of August," Miss Ffolett says to Dick in the pause of the quadrille she is dancing with him; "and I shall ask Janie to accept her wedding dress from me, and it shall be made by my own dress maker. What a pretty wife you'll have, Dick—the very prettiest girl about here; won't you be proud of her?"

Dick looks a little wildly at her, but says nothing, and Belle goes on:

"Lord Charles thinks the colt perfection. We're going to call him Golden Pippin, after your famous apples, and I hope to be often down here in the hunting season after I'm married, and then you'll see him."

Golden Pippin! It is not an auspicious name to mention to an Ainslie, for it was on one of their famous golden pippin trees that the grandfather of this present man hanged himself. But Belle has either never heard of this fact or it has entirely escaped her memory.

"Now, look here!" says Miss Ffolett; "if Janie and your mother agrees to it, will you be married when Lord Charles and I are, Dick?"

"Yes, Miss Ffolett; as well then as any time," he says, hopelessly, and she looks at him in surprise, and asks:

"Is it too long off a date? It's only two months from to-day, you know—the third of August. I shall go and tell Janie it is fixed."

Presently the two brides-elect are holding sweet converse together in a corner of the room.

"Are you very fond of him?" Belle is asking. "I'm sure you are, and he and you will be such a deer, nice, happy couple; I shall like to feel that two other people are just as happy as ourselves down here the day Lord Charles and I are married. It will be another bond between us. I look upon the brown colt as one already."

The next morning Richard Ainslie receives a check from Lord Charles Collingford for the brown colt, which is about three times as much as he would have asked if he could have been persuaded to name a price. He does not say anything to his mother about it, but takes it into the home-orchard and tears it into little bits as he stands meditatively under a tree.

Then he goes about his daily work. The wedding day is definitely fixed for the third day in August, and preparations for the reception of the young wife at the Little Firs farm-house proceed apace under old Mrs. Ainslie's able management. Janie will find everything in the most perfect order, and the admirable manner in which she has been brought up justifies Mrs. Ainslie's most sanguine anticipations of happiness resulting from the match.

But Dick does not seem happy. The third of August is a golden Summer day, and numbers of people from the adjacent villages are assembled about the entrance to the churchyard to see the two weddings about which so much talk has been made. Miss Ffolett's long train of friends have arrived, and now Miss Ffolett, leaning on her father's arm, walks up the little pathway through the church-yard, and looks round eagerly for the other bridal party. As she advances to the altar-railings, and the service which is to unite her to Lord Charles Collingford begins, the Welbyns bring their daughter in, and two or three scouts are sent off to see what makes Richard Ainslie a laggard in love that morning.

His mother is waiting for him in the old oak parlor, looking happier than she has looked since her husband's death. Her plain colored silk dress and bonnet suit her well; Miss Ffolett has chosen them as well as Janie's dress.

Where can Dick be? The friendly messengers come in breathless from the church where her bride is awaiting him, and there is a search made, gleefully enough at first, anxiously after a few minutes.

Then they find him.

There in the home-orchard, near to that same spot where her husband's father had died by his own hand, the poor mother sees Dick, her son, lying in his wedding clothes, senseless, cold, dead.

They find no marks of violence about him; his face is peaceful enough, poor fellow, now; and the doctor who was hastily called in declares it to be "heart disease," and no word is said to the bereft mother and the poor little girl who loved him so well of the fatally condemning little bottle which they find empty in a tuft of grass close by.

"It is so sad," Lady Charles Collingford says when she is down for the hunting season the year of her marriage, as she rides Golden Pippin surpassingly well after her father's hounds over the Little Firs Farm; "he was such a nice young fellow, such a friend of mine, and so happy in the prospect of being poor Janie's husband; it almost makes me shudder to pass by the apple orchard now after such a tragedy."

She lives six months at least in her memory.—*All the Year Round.*

"DOC" AND "JIM."

An Interesting Incident at the White House.

The White House, since Gen Garfield entered it, has been the scene of many interesting incidents. One of these, worthy special mention, occurred yesterday. After the public had been notified that no more people would be admitted, a rough-looking man pressed forward and attempted to pass the guards. He was stopped. He then asked them to take his card to the new President, and after a great deal of persuasion succeeded. The guard took the pasteboard tremblingly to Gen. Garfield, and he immediated directed that the visitor be admitted. The latter, with a pleased "I knew he would see me," went up to the President's office. Gen Garfield welcomed him with outstretched hand, and said:

"Hallo, Doc!"

"Hallo, Jim!"

The two shook hands, and "Doc" said:

"Jim, you've had a good many soft things since you left the tow-path, but I guess this is the softest."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the President.

"But it's better than the tow-path, Jim, and a good deal easier!"

Gen Garfield replied in a manner indicating his opinion that any duty, if properly performed, would be "hard," and he held a long tete-a-tete with his visitor, who was one of his old friends of the tow-path. The freedom of the conversation was a considerable surprise to several distinguished gentlemen present, one of whom tells the story.

For 16 years women have been employed as clerks in a Stockholm, Sweden, bank, and in all that time only one was dismissed for inaptitude.

WHITTIER'S NEW POEM.

THE PRELUDE TO "THE KING'S MISSIVE" AND OTHER POEMS.

"I spread a scanty board too late:
The old-time guests for whom I wait
Come few and slow, methinks to-day
Ah! who would hear my messages
Across the dim, unsounded seas
On which so many have sailed away!

"Come, then, old friends, who linger yet,
And let us meet as we have met,
Once more beneath this low sunshine;
And grateful for the good we've known,
The riddles solved, the ills outgrown,
Shake hands upon the broader line.

"The favor, asked too oft before,
From your indulgent ears, once more
I crave, and if belated lays
To slower, feebler measures move,
The silent sympathy of love
To me is dearer now than praise.

"And ye, O younger friends, for whom
My hearth and heart keep open room,
Come smiling through the shadows long.
Be with me while the sun goes down,
And with your cheerful voices drown
The minor of my even song.

"For, equal through the day and night,
The wise eternal oversight
And love, and power, and righteous will
Remain; the law of destiny,
The best for each and all must be,
And life its promise shall fulfil."

For the Blade.

TURQUOIS.

The Only Mines of Precious Stones in the United States.

BY H. D. ELLIOTT.

The pretty blue stone that the Mexicans call *piedra azul* is always the first, and often the only thing of beauty that attracts the stranger's notice in Santa Fé. The Indians stand on the corners of San Francisco street in the sunshine and offer it to every one that passes. "*No quiere comprar?*"—"No want to buy?"—they call alternately in broken Spanish and worse English, as they hold out four or five flat, triangular beads, half polished by rubbing them together or against some other hard rock, so that they look pale sky blue, and strung together by a small hole in one corner of each piece, that is made by continually touching the spot with a drop of water when the stone is heated red hot. In all the shop-windows there are beautiful specimens in the natural state. Some are jagged lumps of lava broken so as to expose graceful groups of veins and bright nodules of the genuine "pale-indigo" color which connoiseurs tell us makes the value. And in the hotels, and in fact everywhere that people meet, one sees gentlemen, and ladies, too, continually comparing their purchases and criticising their color. The truth is, all Santa Fé has been speculating in the blue stone, spelled "turquois" and called "turkeeze," to an extent that reminds one of the tulip mania.

Turquois is a hydrate of aluminum, and is the only precious stone found in any significant quantity in the United States. It all comes from a very limited district on one slope of the four peaks of the Cerillos, about 18 miles from Santa Fé.

Tom Smith came over for me to go out to see the mine with him yesterday. We were riding on some little white, Mexican ponies that belonged at the Delagaó ranche out there, and pricked up their ears and started off home in a jog-trot with an up and down motion to it, very like riding the famous white horse to Banbury Cross, "hop-i-tee, hop-i-tee hop," on Mother Goose's knee that we all enjoyed so much when we were little folks.

DOWN RIO CHIQUITO

street and out on the sandy plain we raced, making the dust fly in clouds behind us. Our horses scampered along toward the Cerillos, whose peaks happened to be shining with snow, so that we soon left the City nestled in the hollow against the tall green slopes of the Santa Fé Range; the flat-roofed, windowless "doby" houses, the ruined towers of the half-built cathedral, the two festive, oriental cupolas, and the hundred flag-poles, making the Town look for all the world like some old picuresque old City in India.

The road passes over a bare, drear plain of sand that could be qualified by no better name than the "desert," and stretches for several miles on every side. A mass of trails crossing it in every direction, some fresh and plain and some almost obliterated by the wind, and the long line of Government telegraph poles are at times the only relief that the eye finds on the plain itself, but just ahead rises

MOUTE DELGAO,

a great cone of *mal pais*, as the Mexicans call it, a sort of black lava or pomice stone, rearing itself up from the edge of the plain into the very sky, and surmounted by a big weather-worn cross that the penitents carried up and planted there a long time ago. At its foot we passed through Bonanza City, the new camp with the smelter, and the only place in the Cerillos District that has water. Four miles more of mountain road, with prospect holes and huge dump-heaps on every side so thick that they gave the whole country the appearance of a burying ground of the giants, brought us up to Carbonateville, the leading Town in the District, built in a "dry gulch" along one narrow street, part tents, part "dobys," and part "dig-outs," in the steep sides of the mountain. There are thriving camps at the Cerillos that produce both gold and silver ores, but all the turquois mines are at Carbonateville. None of them are being worked by their owners for the stone regularly just now, but as they are all very shallow and in fact, most of them are mere pits or tunnels, open at the top and often running into the mountain horizontally, there is a systematic pilfering carried on by the Mexicans and Indians to an extent that is really astonishing. The Indians especially from all the "pueblos" around come over and camp for weeks in the neighborhood, working most diligently, day after day, in the mines that are not watched, and in the night time even tampering with those that are better guarded.

THE OLD SPANISH MINE

is by far the most interesting of them all, not only because the mineral is found there in its best perfection, but also on account of the history of the country that is associated with it. This was the mine that furnished all of the "Spanish blue stones" that the ladies we read about in the novels of two hundred years ago were so fond of for engagement rings. It was then that the pretty turquois grew so popular in England France, and some of our own Atlantic States, and its value rose in the general market until a piece of the genuine "pale indigo" would bring regularly almost the price that unsophisticated tourists and speculators give for it in the isolated little mart of Santa Fé to-day. So the cruel Spaniards, caring only for wealth, forced the Pueblo Indians, whom they held in subjection at the time, to send regular cerps of laborers to work in this turquois mine, who came from all the neighboring Villages, about 200 at once, and toiled early and late, under the supervision of a task master, who drove them with a lash, and for many years they picked and delved into the hard rock until they wore a great trench and undermined the side of the mountain already honey-comed with tunnels, so that one day

IT FELL IN ON THEIR HEADS

and buried them under a pile of dump and boulders 60 feet deep, where the prospectors found their bones, last Summer, together with some of their rude tools, when they were sinking the shaft down to the lower level of the tunnel. This discovery corroborates the folk-lore history of the early Spanish rule in New Mexico, for there is very little written account of those times, and it goes to establish several points that have been uncertain and doubtful. This mishap to the miners so alarmed the natives that they refused to work in the pit any more. The Spaniards called the troops and tried by every means of cruelty and oppression to force them to resume labor. But the Pueblos rose in open rebellion and drove their merciless conquerors out of the country. They even went so far as to renounce their newly adopted religion, and burn and destroy the churches and convents, and to massacre the priests and nuns, and obliterate, as far as possible everything that suggested the Spaniards, of whose dreadful and complete overthrow their capital City, the Gran Quivera, stands, without an inhabitant, in utter ruin, a witness, with the smoke and the blood stains still marking its deserted portals. The old San Miguel Church at Santa Fé was burned and sacked the same day, and work in the Spanish mines of New Mexico, of which the turquois mine and the Cerillos was the principal, ceased, and it was never again resumed systematically until the camp at Carbonateville was started last Summer.

So the supply of Spanish turquois was suddenly stopped and

THE POPULAR BLUE STONE PAST OUT OF FASHION,

until of late years it is seldom seen, except among heirlooms and in collections of old jewelry, but now that the supply is once more forthcoming, the owners of the mines sanguinely expect fashion to smile again on her forgotten favorite.

The turquois comes in veins and small nodules, in a dark igneous rock, and the only way to find it is to hammer the rock all to pieces. The old Spanish mine is a solid lump of this mal pais, as the miners term it, jutting out in a mound from the base of one of the four peaks of the Cerillos that is called the Grand Central Dome.

At the Assayer's office in Carbonateville, we learned that the only other place in the world where it is found is a mountain district of Persia, but such is the prejudice of the Oriental peoples to parting with their precious stones that this source is of no practical importance.

Santa Fé, March 14.

NO NONSENSE.

The Manner That Pretentious Statesmen in Michigan Are Managed.

Detroit Free Press.

He gave all the hackmen at the Union Depot a stand off, brushed the bootblacks right and left, and shouldered his 60 pounds of baggage and started up Jefferson avenue in search of a tavern. He was a right up and down man, and he wanted to strike a tavern where they had an old-fashioned boiled dinner.

"Just come in from Lansing," he observed as he fell in with a pedestrian.

"Did eh? Been out to the Legislature?"

"You bet I have. I'm not a member, but I made things hum there, all the same."

"Have a bill?"

"Not exactly. I come down from—— County to take the kinks out of our member. He was sailing in with a high head and if I'd waited 10 days longer he'd have been bossing the whole State. What d'ye think?"

"I dunno."

"He wouldn't speak to me when I first got there! Think of that! Up home there we rated him about No. 4, and sent him down to Lansing more because none of the rest of us could leave, and he wanted to cut me colder'n a wedge! What do you think?"

"Rather mean."

"You bet! But I lowered his nose a bit. We'd heard how he was prancing around and putting on airs and making out that he run our County, and a few of us got together and wrote him a letter. It didn't seem to do any good, and so we got together again and they sent me down to put on the curry comb."

"And you did?"

"Didn't I? He'd put in about a dozen bills affecting our County, and I mashed all but two. He had laid himself out for six or seven speeches, and I mashed all but one. The first day I got there he was supporting motions, and moving to amend and strike out, but I mighty soon let him understand that no such chaff passed for oratory with us. He tried to bulldoze me at first, but when he found that his constituency had got after him he calmed down. He'd been fooling with the game law, and had got mixed up with a dog tax bill, and a saw-log law, and a bill about inland fishing, and I don't know what else. I took him out behind the State House and says I: 'Now, boy; you squat! Your constituents demand that you calm right down. We don't want no Cicero in ours and we won't have it. We sent you down here to do a little quiet work,

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1881.

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In making this proposition we stipulate that we must receive at the same time one subscriber to THE BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the List. They need not both be sent to the same person, nor even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer.

FOR THE LADIES.

When a woman plants her foot what does she grow—mad?—*Yorker's Statesman.*

After the Party. Elderly Coquet—"And I'm sure you naughty girls sat up ever so late, talking us over! How I should like to have hid myself behind a screen and it all!" Horrid Boy—"No, you would n't!" *London Punch.*

A soft voice in woman always goes with a gentle spirit. A gentleman sitting in a friend's parlor engaged in conversation with him was startled by a noise down stairs and paused to ask, "What's that; a crash of crockery?" "No; that's only my wife calling to me."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

First-class singers of church music are in good demand. Miss Emma S. Howe, a well known Boston vocalist, goes to Mr. Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, at a salary of $1,000 a year. She succeeds Miss Hattie L. Simms, who goes to St. Thomas', New York. Mr. George Werrenrath is continued at Mr. Beecher's church as its tenor, at an advance of $500 on his salary.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Society Note: Miss Diffenbach, the accomplished and beautiful contatrice, of West Hill, slapped her old mother over the head with the dish-rag, last Tuesday evening, because the old lady wouldn't let her go down and sing in a Dutch chorus at the masquerade in Bogus Hollow. Miss Diffenbach has the true temper of a lyric artist, and our City will yet be proud of her.—*Hawkeye.*

"Why do women so often wander aimlessly in the murky solitudes of the dead Past, brooding over the days that are forever gone?" asks a young lady of Macoupin County in a communication entitled "Life's Aims." They don't; at least not in Chicago. On the contrary, they wander around the dry-goods stores of the Present, pricing things they have no idea of buying. Chicago women are not dreamy or poetical, but when it comes to getting a bargain for $1.89, they keep right up with the procession.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PERSONS AND THINGS.

The bad boy gets his ears cuffed and the bad man his hands.—*Chicago Times.*

Some one mildly whispers that the thing we cauliflower by any other name would smell as sweet.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A plumber who was about to die said: "My only regret at dying is because where I am going water pipes never freeze up.—*Whitehall Times.*

Lord Beaconsfield is reported to be engaged upon a continuation of "Endymion," but he is busier with an autobiography and a journal which are to have posthumous publications.

A resident of Columbus, O., has brought suit for $50,000 damages against a relative who had applied to the Probate Court for the appointment of a guardian for him on the ground of alleged imbecility.

The London *Daily Chronicle* understands that the advocates of the legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister have canvassed the members of the House of Lords, and have thereby ascertained that the measure for altering the present law is approved by a majority of the peers.

A Galveston darky rushed into a doctor's office and breathlessly exclaimed: "Come on, Doctor, right off. Dar is somebody in my house who is in an awful fix, laid up in bed agronin' and agronin'." "Who is it?" "It's me. You see, boss, I didn't hab nobody to send, so I came myself."—*Galveston News.*

A jeweler in Pittsburg, Penn., who received an order from a neighboring town for $5,500 worth of diamonds, accompanied with references to several prominent citizens of Pittsburg, shipped the goods without taking the trouble to see any of the references. Next day he carried the letter to the president of a bank who was named in it, and to his amazement learned that he had never heard of the man. The letter was then speedily exhibited to the other merchants and bankers, and each in turn gave the same answer.

One of the completest little social events occurred near Fort Wingate, in Texas, the other day. A party of four gamblers, entered a saloon, and business being a little dull that morning, the proprietor joined them in a friendly game. In the difficulty that ensued no partiality was shown whatever, all five of them being killed. It was decidedly the most *recherche* affair of the season. The toilets were gray ribbed undershirts, with overtrain of blue woolen—old iron jewelry.—*Peck's Sun.*

The American Mutual Aid Association for Unmarried People, has just been incorporated at Harrisburg, Pa. Its advantages are open to all unmarried persons, male or female, without regard to color, between the ages of 10 and 75 years. By the payment of a certain amount yearly, they will be entitled to certain sums from $1,000 upward upon marriage. Any member marrying before one year from date of their certificate will forfeit the certificate and all claims upon the society. Marriage assessments are graded according to age, and the younger one joins and the longer he remains a member, the larger will be the sum he receives upon his marriage.

The Way Mahone Voted.

Washington Correspondence New York Times.

The first indication of the course to be pursued by the little gray-haired man in black was shown in the vote upon Mr. Allison's motion for an executive session. While the Clerk was calling the roll, all eyes were bent upon this man. He betrayed no agitation, as he leaned back in a chair much too large for him, drumming with the fingers of one hand upon the arm of it. At last his name was reached. "Mahone," said the Clerk, and the enigma responded "yea" in a squeaking voice which was heard plainly in all directions. He had voted with the Republicans. The great audience in the galleries and on the floor laughed and chatted, suddenly becoming free from tension, like a bow freed from its string. Republicans crowded around Mr. Mahone and congratulated him, and Democrats were busily gossipping here and there about his vote. The chamber, so silent before his name was called, was now full of voices. The vote was 35 to 37. Mr Edmunds was paired with Mr. Garland, Judge Davis had voted with the Democrats, and two Republican seats were vacant.

A Crazy King.

From London Truth.

The latest craze which has seized the King of Bavaria is a dislike to see anybody. His Ministers hide themselves behind screens while they read their reports to him, and to witness his signature they peep round the corner.

Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy Spring work after a Winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE "OCEAN KING."

"Juliet" Greets Her Old Friend,

In Which She Sailed Around Cape Horn—A Visit to Pitcairn's Island Happenings in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 7.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

March first dawned upon us with cloudless splendor, and the fog-horn on Angel Island which for those days had sounded its mournful note of warning was hushed. Our old friend the "Ocean King" had been recently spoken, and with the hope that we might see her making her way up the Bay or perhaps anchored in the stream, we betook ourselves to our favorite post for observation in a hill at a distance of two or three blocks from our house. From this point you obtain an unobstructed view of a vast sweep of the Bay. Off at your left lies the Presidio, beyond that the 'Golden Gate' flanked by its forts, and still beyond the glitter of the broad Pacific; in front of you and across the Bay the mountains lift their hoary heads and behind you may be seen large portions of the City; so pure and clear is the atmosphere that every visible object is invested with an azure complexion as if bathed in a weak solution of indigo. We were well rewarded for our excursion. Indeed, under any circumstances the view we obtained, poorly as I have described it, would repay one for a much longer and more tedious pilgrimage. But we did see the "King," and several other of the 17 ships which had anchored out at the Heads until the fog should lift and let them come in safely. It was a very beautiful sight, the distance was so great that no sound reached the ear, and the vessels, with their white sails glided slowly and gracefully on like a flock of gigantic birds, and the shadows of the few fleecy wind clouds played at hide and seek in the crevices of the mountains. I have yet to look upon any thing made by man that seems as noble as a ship. The hardest kind of dangerous toil is her daily portion, and her season of luxurious inactivity the very briefest. She sails proudly into port after gallantly hiding the wounds received in her conflict with the elements; her untimely destruction harrows the calloused heart and if happily she survive her old age fills you with tender respect.

THE "KING"

anchored off Alcatras until Tuesday morning when she put into Beal street wharf. When sailors ship aboard a vessel their services are required until they touch the wharf; after that not another stroke of work need they do; their places are taken by the stevedores with their men, who attend to the discharge of the cargo, but the Captain may drop anchor within a stones' throw of the wharf, and until he shall pull in the sailors are just as much at his beck and call as if they were a thousand miles from land.

The sky was cloudless, the air balmy and the bay unruffled as we went down to greet our old traveling companions, and congratulate them on having made still another safe passage. It seemed as if his Royal Highness looked handsomer than ever, most likely because I had not been present during the agonies of painting, but no ship about her had so immaculate a mantle of white with such dazzling borders of blue. Her spars also had been newly painted, her sails closely furled, and not the slightest vestige of untidiness to be seen anywhere. No man-of-war could have shone with a more supreme luster; the effigy of Neptune at the bow held her trident gracefully poised, nor whispered a syllable about his habit of leaving that potent instrument in the hold while breasting the foaming sea, and the broad and slightly curving stern presented a spirited view in relievo of this same god in his chariot drawn by milk-white seahorses. The first mate, Mr. H., was the first to espy us as we made our way up the dock and from him we received a true sailor's greeting, the heartiness and sincerity of which we could no more question than could we that which awaited us in the cabin. Time and tide had dealt kindly with our sea faring friends—so kindly that in looking at them it seemed difficult to realize that a whole year had rolled around since the "Ocean King" had sailed from our port to Antwerp. The Captain's old bad luck with regard to calms and contrary winds had not left him, and when in the neighborhood of Pitcairn's Island, which is, as I mentioned in a former letter, in latitude 25° 20',

HE WAS BECALMED.

This afforded an opportunity to those who desired to go ashore. The Captain's wife could not be persuaded to trust her 175 or 80 pounds of avoirdupois to the precarious mediums of a rocking boat in a boiling surf and the arms, no matter how strong, of a stumbling native, for in this manner are visitors transported from their boats to dry land, but Miss C. and the mate, with strict injunctions to return in two hours were lowered over the side and pulled for the shore, which they reached in a very wet though perfectly safe condition. The natives' boats are frequently capsized in the surf, but as they swim like fish, and as their toilets are far from elaborate, no harm is done.

Vessels do not touch at Pitcairn, unless it is through some such cause as the one I am now relating, consequently—as the people are most hospitably inclined—they cannot adequately testify their delight when at long intervals they have an opportunity of communicating with other parts of the world. All sorts of hospitalities were pressed upon their two visitors, and notwithstanding the short time at their disposal a dinner was prepared which was pronounced excellent. There was fried chicken, yams and a variety of fruits. Their houses are of a very primitive description, their beds resemble shelves, and a curtain divides the mens' and womens' apartments. their door-ways are shaded by the orange, bannana, cocoa nut and other tropical fruit trees, which afford them their chief sustenance and means of barter, for they have no money, nor have they manufactories of any description and they depend for clothing upon that which ship masters are kind enough to donate. Their wants are not numerous, and taking everything into consideration the lines of the descendants of the "Bountys" mutineers are cast in pleasant places. Capt. Knowles, who a few years ago lost his ship by fire in that latitude and who put into Pitcairn in one of the ship's small boats, sent them per "Ocean King" two or three pieces of cotton cloth and Captain F.'s family gave them *elegant* dresses from their wardrobe besides such headgear as they could spare. The two hours lengthened into four and in the meantime a breeze had sprung up! Can you inland people imagine the captain's feelings under the circumstances? You must try and picture a very mad man, for I should never be able to convey to you an adequate idea of the glorious possibilities of an old sea captain's ire. And even when the tardy ones did succeed in tearing themselves away from the island they brought with them a boat load of the natives who were loth to part with them. These innocent children of the tropics, for whom Mother Nature takes so much on her own shoulders, could not appreciate the tremendous value which could be placed upon a few paltry hours by those born in a less favored clime, and fancied themselves quite welcome and—bless their hearts, had I been the shipmaster they should have had a whole day to troop over the vessel, satisfy their harmless curiosity and play the piano. Then I would have crowded on sail afterward to make up for lost time. They must have looked grotesque enough, bare-footed and bare-legged, some of the women with remnants of men's hats on their heads, others not even so well furnished, and, in almost all instances, *one* garment forming the sum and substance of a toilet. A chintz dress of three pieces, which Mrs F. had left them on a former visit, was recognized upon two dusky belles, one wearing the underskirt, the other the overskirt and basque. Still another one was a pink chintz wrapper, with a trail about a yard in length, which was thoroughly saturated with salt water and sand, and even this was borrowed finery, freely and cordially loaned for the occasion. The original owner not caring to visit the ship, the women formed a circle about the two who were to make the exchange. Mr. H. was invited to turn his back and *presto*, the deed was done. Besides a large quantity of oranges, bananas, limes, cocoa-nuts, guavas, squashes, pumpkins and chickens, they brought also a *kitten*. The poor, timid, half-starved creature, jumped back into the surf, but notwithstanding the mate's opinion that so poor a creature of the feline species was better drowned, it was rescued at Miss C.'s insigation and is now a particularly handsome cat, a good mouser and a pet to the point of being bedecked with a ribbon.

Perhaps you remember that Fletcher Christian was at the

HEAD OF THE MUTINEERS.

One of his descendants, was amongst the visitors—Thursday, October Christian, being his name; Thursday October having reference to the day of his birth.

The "Ocean King" is a slow sailer. How much of this is due to her build and size I am not prepared to say, but what I do know is that Capt. T. being part owner, does not intend to have his vessel torn to pieces by crowding on sail in bad weather. The "Young America" makes almost incredibly short passages as compared with the former, but her repairs cost thousands of dollars every time she comes into port. The Captain says that on the 12th of December, while in latitude 47 south, longitude 57.5 west, she was boarded by the mate of the whaling bark "Swallow," who reported that one week previous while killing a whale the second mate was struck by another of the monsters, and received injuries from which he died four days after. He also told me that he saw a whale, which was not less than 50 feet in length, jump entirely clear of the water 20 feet. The captain's attention was called to it by the mate, who had seen it spring in the same manner three different times. The concussion as he struck the water was something wonderful. Capt. F. says he never saw anything like it before, and would not have believed that a whale had that much muscular power in his flukes and tail. He thought the animal was probably pursued by a sword fish. The old pastime of bird fishing was not indulged in on this passage, although Pacific geese were unusually numerous, nor did the sailors catch many fish.

A BIG SHARK

was hauled up the side while the mate fired half a dozen shot into him, but the deck was not soiled by his carcass. There were no passengers with whimsical tastes to be catered to, so the family had a real good, unmolested time of keeping clean. The ship's log states that they were 15 days in sailing from 50° S to 50° S, which is considered—as I stated in a former letter—rounding the Horn; we were 22 days, and a very tedious three weeks it was, I assure you. The newspapers state that since 1860 until this March 1, no such sight has been witnessed as 17 ships entering the Bay in one day, and a very auspicious entrance they found it, for rates are high enough to satisfy the most avaricious. It is hard to realize the cold storms which are sweeping over the eastern states. I shall not apologize for speaking upon so commonplace a theme as the weather because I think you Toledoites need a much longer chapter than I shall give you about really charming weather. We never have it cold enough for snow and our rainy season which sets in sometime in October and continues until the early part of April—we consider the pleasantest part of the year, for during the Summer this coast is swept by the trade winds a portion of every day. The rains are not continuous by any manner of means. We have frequent respites of a week or ten days, when no adjective will so exactly describe the weather as "perfect;" flowers bloom outdoors all the year around consequently, as they do not have to undergo the discouraging process of being potted for the Winter and set out again in the Spring, they attain proportions which I almost hesitate to mention lest you accuse me of acquiring the reprehensible habit while at sea of "yarning" but heliotrope bushes 15 feet high and loaded with blossoms are common enough. I have seen them grow higher than that, but the figure I have stated is not at all extraordinary; fuchsias about the same size with a thousand or two of the graceful pendant flowers. Of course I never counted the number of blossoms on a tree, but you might pull off an armful or two without its affecting the appearance of the plant very much. Calla lilies are as hardy and almost as common as weeds, the queen of flowers attains perfection here, and geraniums of all kinds abound. For the last two months every corner of Kearney street has been occupied by one or more flower merchants with bouquets of wood violets and mignonette so fragrant that even the impecunious pedestrian is cheered by the perfumed air.

KING KALAKAUA.

King Kalakaua is still at the Palace Hotel, when he is registered as Prince Kalakaua, but I believe he with his suit sail on the next China steamer. He has been treated with a great deal of attention in San Francisco, the reception at the Palace being the big event of the King's stay. The broad red sashes of the Hawaiian officers and the American brass buttons contributed very materially to the brilliancy of the scene. The Chinese Consul General gave him a dinner at the Hang-Fer Low restaurant, the Delmonico of Chinatown, bird's nest soup and prepared shark's fins figured on the *menu*, but roast dog and raw fish did not, and Dame Rumor says they are his favorite dishes when on his native heath.

I shall close my letter by informing you of another little peculiarity in our climate. The sun seems to mean more here than it does elsewhere. Houses on the sunny side of the street rent higher than do those on the shady side. The sun is warm, the wind is cold, consequently we wear a seal skin sacque just clearing the ground, and carry a parasol at the same time. We wear precisely the same kind of clothes all the year round, which is an economy for poor folks. JULIET.

What the Doctor Says.

"My doctor says he always recommends Kidney-Wort for bad cases of kidney disease or of biliousness and constipation."

In in either dry or liquid form it is the effectual remedy for these diseases. See adv.

The Late Gen. Colley.

Cincinnati Gazette.

Sir George Colley, the leader of the British troops in South Africa, who was lately defeated and killed by the Boers, was what may be called an English West Pointer. Some time ago the London *World* said of him, unhappily prophetically:

"There have been those who, imperfectly acquainted with Sir George Colley's character, have doubted whether he would prove himself a real leader of men. While conceding to him great powers of organization and highly cultivated intelligence, they have called him a theoretical soldier—a man of the closet rather than of the field."

His fate is also an illustration of the fact that military skill is not always hereditary. The deceased General was a descendant of the Duke of Wellington. Yet he failed, it seems, through a neglect to provide his men with the requisite ammunition, a mistake which, it is hardly necessary to say, his distinguished ancestor would never have committed.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an INCURABLE LUNG DISEASE OR CONSUMPTION. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but ACT DIRECTLY ON THE INFLAMED PARTS, allaying irritation, give relief to ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, CATARRH and the THROAT TROUBLES which SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS are subject to. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere.

OPERATIONS IN OIL.

A Chapter That Reads Like a Page From California's History.

PHILADELPHIA, March 14.—The Times this morning published an interesting letter from Bradford, Pa., on the vicissitudes of oil operators and the mania for speculation. It reads like a page from the history of California in the palmy days of placer mining.

Speculation in the price of oil was the next craze, and one that finds prominence to-day. Magnificent oil exchanges were erected in Oil City, Titusville and Bradford. Here speculation is indulged in the price of oil, the oil certificates being the basis. One instance of how men become rich in this way occurred in Oil City. Two brothers by the name of Goettle, in 1866–7 were bootblacks around the streets of the oil Towns. They made a good deal of money for boys, and saved it. When they had a few hundreds saved they took a flyer on the market. They were successful, and doubled. Success still followed them, and to day they are among the wealthiest and most successful speculators in the region. The magnificent generosity of the oil men is well known. A poor and needy woman has often had thousands of dollars raised for her among a crowd of oil men, and in a few minutes she was raised from poverty to opulence. They spend money like water, and no Towns in the country will show better dressed men and women than these. They all, almost universally, wear diamonds upon their shirt bosoms, which in many cases they are forced to pawn for necessities before they have become accustomed to them.

When the market is dull and inactive for a few days it is noticeable every place.

Speculation is the lifeblood of Oil City. Business stagnates, men get the blues, and the town is dull indeed. But let the market be variable fortunes are being made and lost, men are excited, the streets are alive with oil brokers rushing back and forth between banks and exchanges with certificates, drafts, checks, and even money in their hands. The wives of the brokers crowd to the exchanges, and fill in the visitor's gallery, watching the operations of their husbands. Some time ago, in one of these exchanges, the gallery was filled to overflowing. The market was leaping up at the rate of 10c an hour. One of the heaviest buyers was on the wrong side. He saw his fortune disappearing like a mist, at the rate of $25,000 an hour. For six hours this continued, and he was forced to "lay down," as it is called—to be announced a bankrupt, in other words. His wife was a witness of the whole scene. An hour before the worst came she left the Exchange, walked into a dry goods store, took off her sealskin sacque and sold it. From that place she went to the jeweler's and disposed of her diamonds and all her silver. When her husband returned home disconsolate and downcast, she met him at the door dressed in a neat calico wrapper. He had been a clerk before fortune smiled upon him, and she a modest school teacher. She informed him that she had discharged all the servants, and they would live as formerly, she doing the work. She handed him $5,500 as the result of selling her jewelry, and told him to use it. Joy and hope beamed in his eyes and found place in his heart again. He went again to business. In one month he had regained his former position, had redeemed everything his wife had pledged, and was living as formerly. Three times within six years was this man saved in this manner by his wife. To day he is one of the most daring and successful of our speculators. This is one story. Here is another. A young man in Franklin wished to marry. He was well to do, had a snug little sum in the bank, but the speculation mania caught him, he invested it all in oil. The market that had been going up for four days turned the very day he bought, and in two short hours he saw the savings of years disappear It maddened him. He took to drink, became unfit for business, lost his position, the love and respect of his wife, for he had married, and gradually sank, step by step, until he is to day a maudlin bar-room drunkard. Homes have been ruined, hearts broken, lives destroyed, men crazd by this exciting, insane passion that never quits them until they have lost all they possess, except in a very few cases where they had the hardihood to fly while their pockets are full.

This happens about as often as it does in the lives of gamblers. These men as a rule, live fast lives, and it is very seldom that one with gray hairs is found among them.

SOUTH CAROLINA BULLDOZING.

Gentle Dove-Eyed Peace Does not Make Her Home There.

Miss Martha Schofield, the well known Quaker teacher, writes as follows to a friend from South Carolina:

AIKEN, S. C. Feb. 6, 1881,

ESTEEMED FRIEND: Just now we are going through a "baptism of fire," and the only comfort of my heart through these days and nights of indignation is that, if eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, freedom can only be bought by suffering. Alas! here are poor, ignorant, uneducated men, with the God given love of liberty, seized in our streets, taken from their work, and thrown into a jail where there is no sash in the window, no way of warming it, and the mercury at 25 degrees. Thirteen were arrested last week, one a former pupil of ours, and at the trial the Justice allowed only 15 minutes to get bonds. His father came here for Mr. Rodenbach, Principal of the Schofield school, and, after much quibbling, his bond was accepted, although next day an attempt was made to reject it, as well as the bonds of several Northern men, who had ample property to cover them.

The cause of all this is to prevent testimony being given to the United States Commissioner, who is here, with Marshals, to try the white men who voted more than once at the November election. A colored Supervisor was a witness against them, but the day after he testified he was arrested by the State officials for perjury. The Commissioner (a Southerner) knew it was to intimidate others, and promptly arrested the Sheriff and Trial Justice, and bound them over for the United States Court in Charleston.

Then the wholesale business commenced, on a plea of investigating a riot on election day. The testimony given by a miserable unprincipled white man against our scholar was that he "clapped his hands and said he had a right to vote." The truth is that at the time the witness swore he saw him, the boy was locked up in his own room, back of a little store he keeps, but without bonds he would have gone to jail.

But of what good are courts, or judges or juries? Justice is a frozen statue; no sight moves a drop of blood in her veins; no agonies touch her heart into feeling. I have lived nearly a score of years in this State and have yet to see the first white man punished for stabbing or killing a negro, unless tried in the United States Courts, and then seldom, only the Ku Klux. What a mockery has been the 15 years of freedom with 40,000 men outraged or murdered for accepting the political freedom the United States forced upon them, never knowing who next will be nailed to the cross until the poor patient souls cry out in despair, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me!" Very truly, thy friend,

MARTHA SCHOFIELD.

WHEN you feel a caugh of bronchial affection creeping on the lungs, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and cure it before it becomes incurable.

Occasion for Gratitude.

Spring in the South has already appeared. The face of nature is seen to the best advantage. The fear of pestilence already comes to the mind of the prudent inhabitant of the Gulf States, and he is thankful for the wisdom displayed in the legislation which secured over a million of dollars for the maintenance of the world-known Charity Hospital at New Orleans, La., from the Louisiana State Lottery, whose next drawing occurs on April 12th, and about which the full particulars will be given on an application to M. A. Dauphin, No. 319 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., or same person at New Orleans, La.

AT MENTOR.

Visit of the Hawkeye Man to the President-Elect.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"What!" exclaimed the President-elect, in a tone of pleased surprise, such as a man wears when he flies down stairs to greet an old school friend and lets in the gas meter man. "How did you get through?"

"James," I said pleasantly, reaching out and feeling around for his hand, that I might cordially grasp it in my own; I think the General has had his hand amputated, or else he keeps them buried in his potato hole. "James," I said—I always call him James—"if you think these little 70-feet drifts in Mentor are any real obstacle to any man accustomed to carrying out the time cards of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, you are unfit to govern a great and growing country. Sit down," I said. "I am not formal, and I will not mind your being seated. And don't take off your hat if you are afraid of catching cold."

"What did you come here for?" the General asked, with a profound sigh.

"Well, I came to bring this copy of your inaugural address, for one thing. I wrote it out at desolate stations and on slow moving trains, and on the window sills and bureau tops of tableless hotels. It is not too long, because you don't want to tire the first Presidential audience you talk to. It might spoil your entire season. Everything depends on success or failure the first night. If your inaugural address takes well it may lead to a re-engagement, don't you see? And you will get your press notices on it for your circulars, too. I have put in a few jokes here and there, to lighten it up a little, and some of George Sheridan's stories——"

"You are very kind," the President-elect murmured, gratefully, drawing a heavy ottoman a little nearer the side of his chair with his foot.

"Don't speak of it, James," I told him, rather assuringly. "I'm used to this kind of column work and don't mind it at all. I've put in a little squib about Hayes nailing up a lot of boxes on the end of the White House for the pigeons. That'll catch them solid. And then I bring in something about the beginning of one of Evart's speeches being found under the obelisk, and something about three barrels of empty half pint flasks being found under the White House barn. That'll catch the boys."

"I should think it would," the General said, picking up the ottoman by one of its ears and kind of hefting it, like.

"Then," I went on, sliding my chair sort of around to the other side of the stove, where it seemed to be warmer, "I have dwelt briefly on the financial policy of the administration. The general tendency is toward expansion. I don't think $20 a night and expenses is enough."

"For a cabinet officer?" he asked, in evident surprise.

"Cabinet nothing," I said, "no; for lectures. I have dwelt at considerable length upon the lecture platform as an instrument of intellectual development and sectional reconciliation. I recommend liberal appropriations by Congress for the general deficiency fund of local, lyceums and lecture associations, with the proviso that in all cases where Government aid was thus extended to the local association the largest fee should be paid for humorous lecturers. And I have suggested the creation of a bureau of lectures, as a branch of the Interior Department, with George Hathaway, of Boston, as Secretary."

"Oh, you have, have you?" the General said, earnestly. "That's good."

"Yes," I said, "I thought it would please you. Then there follows some general thoughts and suggestions in reference to the state of the country at large and an expression of sympathy for the Land Leaguers, in which you must earnestly hope that they may soon acquire as much land on their farms as they generally bring over here on their shirts——"

"Oh, you worked that in, did you?" the General, said, drumming his feet on the floor as though in subdued applause.

"Oh yes," I said, "and it comes in very neatly, too, as a drive at John Kelly. 'No frish need apply,' you know. Then I touch lightly upon socialism and communism, just so as to fetch in a dig at the Dutch, you know."

"I'm glad you thought of that," the statesman said, looking at his watch.

"Oh," I told him, "I thought of every thing, I guess. I was going to say something about *The Hawkeye* being the best advertising medium in the West, and having the largest circulation between the Mississippi River and the sunset, but I decided that it would be a little too personal."

"Oh no," he exclaimed warmly, "it wouldn't. I'd put that in by all means."

"Well," I said, "I won't write it in, I'll just put a mark here on the margin to indicate it, and you can use it or not, as you think best. But I'm afraid it might give the whole thing away."

"Oh no," he said, "it's the best thing in the address."

And then he looked at his watch again, and said:

"Your train leaves in just 20 minutes," he said. "It will take you 25 minutes to drive to the station, or I'd ask you to stay to dinner."

"Which way does that train go, Jamie?" I asked him.

"Oh, your way," he said.

And I left the manuscript with him, and came away in such haste that I forgot to tell him who I wanted in his cabinet. But I don't care much about that if he will deliver the inaugural just as I wrote it, and not kill it with interpolations and emendations.—*Extract from a MS. excavated in the February waste basket.*

GERMAN ARISTOCRACY.

It Does Not Disdain to Maintain Its Fortunes by a Retailing of Whisky.

The *Nation* publishes an interesting account of the increase of whisky drinking in Germany from a correspondent at Berlin. The reader will observe that the German aristocracy are not much above the average retailers of lager beer in New York.

Another reason for the increase in the number of drinkers is the social position of the largest distillers of whisky. In Germany, and especially in the eastern provinces of Prussia, whisky making is a very aristocratic business, which is carried on by the nobility and the proprietors of large estates, whose value is greatly enhanced by this side branch of agriculture. That the Prussian aristocracy does not disdain to turn a penny by the retail whisky trade I myself discovered when, some years ago, I spent a few weeks on a large farm in Eastern Prussia. My host's neighbor, a baron So and so, was a wholesale distiller of whisky, ran several large distilleries, and sold his article at home and abroad. The lady of the manor and the young baroness attended the retail trade. On a Saturday evening I saw them in the basement of the old and noble baronial hall, standing behind a counter, selling whisky to the servants and workingmen, who had just received their wages, filling bottles, gills, and tumblers with whisky, changing dirty small money, and doing a very lively business till late in the evening. "Non olet," they evidently thought. On the following Sunday morning the same ladies drove to church in a splendid barouche, with coachman and footmen, two of the latter in full gala dress standing behind. The ladies, of course, did not know any of their customers of yesterday, or reciprocate the humble bows of the poor people whose pennies they had yesterday not been too proud to take.

Elgin (Ill.) Daily Leader.

The subjoined opinion, we perceive, is by S.A. Daniels, Esq. of Messrs. Stogdill & Daniels, attorneys, La Crosse, Wis., and appears in the La Crosse *Chronicle:* Some time since I was attacked with pain below one of my knee joints. A few applications of St. Jacobs Oil quted the pain and relieved the inflammation. I regard it as a valuable medicine.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is the wonderful healing medium in the world

INAUGURATION CEREMONIES.

How They Have Varied in Each Case Since Washington's Day.

New York Times.

When James Buchanan, the last Democratic President of the United States, was inducted into office in 1857, there was an imposing military parade, and there was a successful attempt to bring together as many representatives of the youth, beauty, chivalry and wealth of the Republic as could be gathered. Delegates and committees of numerous societies and organizations, North and South were in attendance. The cortege was a brilliant one, and those who were in Washington will long remember the affectation of aristocratic hauteur and self-satisfaction which characterized all of the proceedings. Buchanan's Administration may be said to have represented the last of the slave-holding, imperialistic dynasties. Washington, who was inaugurated in the City of New York, came into power while the idea of Republicanism was yet young. Accustomed as our people were to the forms of regal and vice-regal state, it was not easy to assume at once the severe simplicity of Republican manners. The grumblers who object to the pomp and pageantry of the inaugurations of later Presidents, would be dismayed at any of these later successors of the immortal Washington should imitate the grandeur and punctilliousness of the father of his country, who rode in a stage coach, drawn by six splendidly caparisoned steeds, to the place of ceremonial. It was a new business to the founders of the Republic, and, in feeble imitation of Old World custom, Chancellor Livingston, when Washington had kissed the book, advanced to the edge of the platform and cried in a loud voice: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" This was a faint echo of "Long live the King!" to which our forefathers had been accustomed.

Thomas Jefferson, on the other hand, represented the severest and most ascetic variety of Republicanism. If he had worn the *bonnet rouge* of the French Republicans he could not have been more pronounced in his opposition to everything that smacked of royalty. John Adams, who had preceded him, greatly modified the cumbrousness of the ceremonial which the founders of the Republic, naturally copying from old England, had adopted. Jefferson rode to the Capitol on horseback, and he tied his horse with his own hands to the picket fence which surrounded the public grounds. Ultra-Republicans commenting on the extravagance of our later days, have said that Jefferson rode a sorry horse on this occasion. This is a libel. Jefferson never rode a mean horse, although he was a stingy man, and loved to turn an honest penny, as he subsequently did when he sold the sweepings of his library to the Government for a tidy sum. But we must bear in mind that Jefferson, besides being an economical man, had been elected President by the House of Representatives. He was not even "a minority President." He was, in some sense, a makeshift, and it did not become him to put on any grand airs when he rode into Washington, the first President to be sworn into office in what is now the Capital of the Republic. Things were very much at sixes and sevens in Washington in those days. A swamp lay betwixt the Executive Mansion and the Capitol, and the public buildings which now bear these names were very humble in comparison with those which now house Congress and the President.

Republican simplicity, which seems to have disappeared from the inauguration ceremonies, from the time of Jefferson to the time of Buchanan, was revived when Abraham Lincoln took the oath of office in 1861. His first inauguration was in the Senate Chamber, where he read the address which has since become historic. The military that day was not posted for display, but for use. Threats of assassination were openly made, and it was not certain when the morning of the 4th of March came whether the President-elect was in the City. Whatever may have been the secret rejoicing of those who felt that the greatest danger to the Republic had passed when weak old Buchanan went out of office, there was not much open jubilation. Men felt that they were living under the shadow of indefinable calamities. The second inauguration of Lincoln was more pompous. Through the sea of mud which then inundated Pennsylvania avenue, Lincoln rode to the Capitol, attended by a large military force. Washington was a camp, and a legion of soldiers was at any time attainable. Lincoln took the oath, administered by Chief Justice Chase, on the great portico of the Capitol, and in the open air, exposed to the draughty currents of a raw March day. It had rained in the early forenoon, but, as Lincoln arose to begin his inaugural address, the sun burst forth from the clouds and flooded the cheerless scene with splendor. Lincoln accepted the happy omen, and afterwards said that it might be a sign that the storms were overpast and the sun of peace had returned. The augury might have been favorable to the Republic, but not to the good President, who died by an assassin's hand before two months had passed.

Make the most of it though we may, the inaugural ceremony is a very simple matter. The President-elect journeys from his commonplace country home with less parade than is lavished on the President of any railroad corporation. To day, a large number of militia organizations will amuse themselves by escorting him to the Capitol, and to-morrow he will lodge in the shabby old White House, more dingy and cheerless than any first-rate club house in this City. There will be bunting gunpowder, fireworks, a ball, and some parade. But, considering how great is this Nation, and how conspicuous the Presidential office, all that can be said and and done is simplicity itself.

Sympathy.

Hawkeye.

We extend our cordial sympathy to our old friend, the British lion, in his present domestic and neighborhood troubles. We congratulate him on the menacing attitude of the Russians on his scientific Asiatic frontier; we felicitate him on his unhappy relations with the Basutos; we are pleased to hear that the Zulus are being restless again; with the deepest concern we learn that the Fenians are drilling in Cork; our dispatches regarding the growing strength and boldness of the Land Leaguers are of the most cheering nature; we extend our hearty sympathy for him in the most awful licking the Boers have just given him, and at the same time desire to express our deepest concern for the other one they are getting ready to give him; and while, in the pleasant memory of past favors, we sincerely regret that we have no Alabama to turn loose on him to add to the prevailing hilarity that surrounds his national hearthstone, we still wish to impress upon him renewed assurances of our most distinguished consideration.

No Bloated Bondholders.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

One thing they cannot throw at Gar

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we can not undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and rebuses.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the question remains unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE neatly separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

C. M. H., East Desmoines, Iowa:

Where can I get telegraph instruments?

Apply to your nearest telegraph operator.

I. S. C., Iola, Kas.:

Please give the address of Maj.-Gen. Franz Siegel.

New York City.

J. E. D., Woodlawn, Ill.:

We know nothing about the 99 year lease of a portion of New York City. Francis M. Key was the author of "The Star Spangled Banner."

A. McG., Jordansville, Ind.:

What was Job's turkey, a hen or a gobbler?

Judging from his proverbial poverty, he must have been a gobbler.

C. H. B., Hallsyville, Wis.:

Did D. R. Locke, (Petroleum V. Nasby) lecture through Wisconsin and at Eucliare, about February 15?

He did.

F. L. W., Alton, Mo.:

Are there any colored members of Legislatures in the Southern States who are Democrats and who were elected by Democratic votes?

We think there are none.

F. F. A., Breedsville, Mich.:

Can you give the address of parties that use apple-tree wood, and what it is worth?

Any manufacturer of tools uses it for handles. The price depends a great deal upon its quality and condition.

J. M. A., Omaha, Mo.:

Our school teacher has been teaching the children that Thomas Paine wrote the Declaration of Independence. Some of the scholars say it was Thomas Jefferson. Which is right?

Thomas Paine had no actual hand in framing the Declaration of Independence, although he may have made some suggestions.

H. D. C., Carmi, Ill.:

1. Are they proceeding to build the railroad across the Isthmus? 2. Which plan is the best, the road or the canal? 3. How far is it across the Isthmus?

1. No, the road has not yet been begun. 2. There are many points in favor of each, and each plan has its hearty supporters. 3. About 100 miles.

J. A. R., Carmi, Ill.:

An indictment for a riot alleges it to have been committed by A, B and C, together with 10 other persons unknown. The jury find B and C to be insane. Is A guilty of riot?

A might have been guilty of riot, and so found with the other 10 persons. The insanity of B and C would not relieve A.

C. Y. B., Edgil, Ala.:

1. Is Pres. Garfield a Free Mason? 2. Where can I get any of Lynch's work?

1. Yes. 2. We do not know the Lynch you refer to. If it is Judge Lynch, a very easy method for getting his work is suggested by reading the reports of the doings of vigilance committees in the far west.

L. I. P., Reese's Mills, Boone County, Ind.:

I was a private in Company F, 20th Regt. Ind. Vet. Vol. Inf.; was wounded in the battle of Northam River. Since I came home I lost my discharge; I want to know how to proceed to obtain a certificate of lost discharge, and how to obtain a pension, which I am entitled to?

Make direct application to the War Department, Washington, D. C., stating your case clearly and plainly.

Charles Stansell, Williamston, Mich.:

1. Whose phonography is the most in use? 2. Which is the easiest learned, Munson's or Pitman's? 3. Where can they be obtained? 4. What is the usual price per lesson for teaching phonography? 5. What is the average number of words uttered by speakers generally?

1. Pittman's. 2. There is not much difference. 3. At any bookstore, or of the authors, through any book dealer. 4. There is no stated price. 5. From 50 to 250 words per minute.

U. R. N., Fallen Timber, Ind.:

1. Where is the Natural Bridge? 2. Will there be an Indian romance published in the BLADE during the present year?

1. The Natural Bridge most frequently referred to is in Rockbridge Co., Virginia, 115 miles west of Richmond. In Walker Co., Alabama, there is a natural bridge said to rival the one in Virginia. It spans 120 feet, and its height is about 70 feet. 2. We can't say, at the present writing.

W. G. H., Naugatuck, Conn.:

Will you please give me the postoffice address of the following persons, through your Correspondents' column: 1. F. Bret Harte. 2. Capt. John Ericsson. (of Monitor fame.) 3. Dr. Mary Walker. 4. Gen. Tom Thumb. 5. Mrs. Susan B. Anthony. 6. Ralph Waldo Emerson. 7. Chas. Dudley Warner.

1. Glasgow, Scotland. 2. New York City. 3. Washington, D. C. 4. Care of P. T. Barnum, Bridgeport, Ct. 5. Rochester, N. Y. 6. Concord, N. H. 7. Care of the Atlantic Monthly, Boston, Mass.

F. A., West Point, Wis.:

What was Queen Victoria's full name before and after her marriage?

She was christened Victoria Alexandria, and is the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., and the Princess Mary Louisa, of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. She is the sixth sovereign of the House of Hanover, and comes of the Guelph family. Her marriage to her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, did not change her name.

C. M. G., Cold Spring, Wis.:

Please give me a brief description of the destruction of the Cities Herculaneum and Pompeii.

On the 24th of August, 79, Vesuvius threw out for eight days and nights torrents of mud which filled the Cities to the roofs of the houses, and afterwards showers of ashes and currents of lava, forming a deposit varying from 70 to 112 feet in depth. A second settlement formed near the site of the buried Cities met with a similar fate in 472. In sinking a well in 1709 the site of Herculaneum was discovered and since then both Cities have been excavated.

A Subscriber, Litchfield, Mich.:

Will you inform me if after an administrator has used up all of a man's property, amounting to $250; has he a right to lose two discharge papers belonging to the heirs of the property, the man and wife both being dead, but having children living. Can anything be done to have him find these discharge papers and produce them to his children, one being 14 years old, or to their guardian?

He has no right to lose any paper; but if he has lost it he would be liable for the expense of procuring a duplicate from the Department in Washington, or the expense of proving the discharge, incurred in any application for bounty or pension that might be made.

C. H. Burasall, Lyndon, Ill.:

You had better consult a reliable attorney in your neighborhood regarding the Riparian rights case you mention.

H. P. Bonarth, Gossett, Ill.:

I see in the St. Louis Republican of Feb. 24th, a farewell address by R. B. Hayes, taken from the New York Sun. It sounds so silly that I doubt it is being genuine. Did he write such an address?

He did not. It is an emenation from Charles A. Dana, the editor of the Sun, who during the past four years has done nothing but howl "fraud" all the time, in speaking of Mr. Hayes and his administration.

A. I. H., Harrisonville, Ill.:

1. Did Hancock receive a plurality of the popular vote? If so, how much? 2. What is the population of Ohio by last census? 3. Where is the starting point in speaking of "up" and "height?" Is it the sea level or the center of the earth?

1. According to Mr. Edward McPherson, the highest authority on the subject, a full and fair count of all the votes cast at the Presidential election, resulted, as between the leading candidates, as follows: Garfield, 4,454,421; Hancock, 4,449,188. Garfield's plurality, 5,233. 2. The population of Ohio is placed at 3,198,339. 3. In computing heights the distance is reckoned from the mean level of the sea.

H. R. L., Fountain, Minn.:

Your statement under head of "Coin and Currency" in the BLADE of Sept. 10, 1880, is denounced as false by the Greenbackers, who say that you put such large figures to deceive your readers and that you are bought by the bondholders to keep them in ignorance.

We have neither time nor inclination to discuss such an absurd charge; one that kills itself by its own stupidity. The bondholders are not engaged in buying up people. They are putting all the money they can get into more bonds. The figures we gave were official and are not questioned by people of ordinary intelligence.

W. Durseith, Compromise, Ill.:

1. In the Presidential election of 1860 what States did the Democrats under Breckenridge carry? 2. What States voted for Douglas? 3. If Texas is divided into two States what advantage will be gained by it?

1. Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Texas. 2. Missouri cast her nine votes for Douglass, and New Jersey gave Lincoln 4 and Douglass 3. 3. The country at large would derive no benefit from it. The Democratic party would gain two additional United States Senators, and additional State offices.

J. W. S., Phillipstown, Ill.:

Did Pres. Grant's term of office expire on the 4th of March, 1877, at noon? If it did, who was President the next 24 hours, Pres. Hayes not being inaugurated till March 5, at noon?

Gen. Grant's term of office expired at noon on Sunday, March 4th. In order to cover all possibility of accident, Pres. Hayes took the oath of office from the Chief Justice of the United States, in the presence of Pres. Grant and a few others, in the Red room of the White House. Then on Monday he took it again publicly. The inauguration has nothing to do with the legality of the matter, as that is a mere formality imposed by custom.

Ignoramus, Lebanon, Ks.:

Will you please settle a dispute through this department. There is a man here who says gold and silver will not rust, and he can prove it by the Bible. The passage he proves it by is "Lay up your treasures in Heaven, where moth and rust will not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal." Does that passage prove the fact?

Rust is oxidation, and practically gold and silver do not rust. But under certain conditions of the atmosphere and temperature oxidation is readily induced. But these conditions are rare. The common tarnishing of silver is almost invariably due to the presence of sulphur, which is not rusting at all. The Bible figure to which you refer is merely a metaphorical figure and has not the slightest application to the subject matter.

A Subscriber, Albany, Oreg.:

I notice in the BLADE of Feb 24, a question from a subscriber asking if national banks pay any interest to the Government. In answer to which you say they pay no interest, but heavy taxes. Will you kindly state what they pay taxes on? 2. Was Gen. Grant ever relieved from command, i. e., did the authorities at Washington ever determine to relieve him, and go so far as to appoint his successor and dispatch him with instructions, or, in other words, I have heard that such was the case just before Pemberton's surrender of Vicksburgh?

1. They have to pay taxes on their circulation and deposits. 2. It is not true of Vicksburg. After the battle of Shiloh, Halleck, who was then Grant's superior officer was displeased with Grant's operations, and virtually relieved him by an assignment to duty which gave him no command and no importance. At Vicksburg, the Government, while not approving of his strategy, left him to work it out alone without interfering. After it there was never any talk of relieving him.

Fireman Dayton, O.:

Can you give me the number of firemen and engines used by the London Fire Brigade?

The strength of the brigade at present is as follows; 52 hand fire-engine stations, five movable land stations, 117 fire escape stations, 4 floating stations, 3 large land steam fire-engines, 25 small land steam fire-engines, 73 6-inch manual fire-engines, 47 under 6-inch manual fire-engines, 135 fire escapes and long-sealing ladders, 3 floating steam fire engines, 1 steam tug 3 barges, 17 hose carts, 15 vans, 2 trollies, 58 telegraph lines, 170 miles of telegraph lines, 6 fire-alarm circuits, with 40 call points, 485 firemen, including chief officer, Superintendents, and all ranks. The number of firemen employed in the several watches kept up throughout the metropolis is at present 97 by day and 212 by night, making a total of 309 in every 24 hours. The remaining men are available for general work at fires.

R. P. M., Sherman, Ct.:

Will you please give a brief description of the life of "Ouida," the novelist?

Louisa de la Reme is an English novelist of French extraction on her father's side, and was born at Bury St. Edmunds—or St. Edmund's Bury, as the old writers call it, in the County of Suffolk, England, about the year 1840. At an early age she went with her mother and maternal grandmother to reside in London, and soon began, under the pseudonym of "Ouida," a child's mispronunciation of Louisa, to write for periodicals, and while still under age commenced her first novel in "Colburn's New Monthly Magazine;" this was 'Granville de Vigne, a Tale of the Day," published separately, in 1863, under the title of "Held in Bondage." From that time "Ouida" has continued to publish her works, which have appeared in rapid succession. We believe she lives in Florence, and is said to be a woman of pronounced views, a lover of smart horses, and an indefatigable worker.

Granger, Canton, Ks.:

1. Suppose A takes a timber claim in Kansas, breaks ground, plants trees, puts up dwelling to live in under act, and cultivates the same for three or four years, and he sells his claim to B. Must B plant other trees, or take hold where A left off and cultivate the trees which A planted? If not, must he have to plant fresh ones they soon would have it all planted over if it were to charge hands a few times, I think. 2. How is the best way to find a person in different parts of the country? To inquire through the Correspondents' columns, or how? 3. Suppose A gives B a note of $50, payable two years after date, with interest at 10 per cent. per annum, when is interest due?

1. B succeeds to the rights of A, and if A has complied with the requirements of the law as to the number of trees to be planted, B stands in A's shoes and has nothing further to do except to see that what A had to do under the law has been fully carried out. 2. Perhaps as good a way as any is to inquire through the Correspondent's column, or to advertise in the personal column of some one of the large New York dailies. 3. Unless otherwise specified in the note, the interest does not become due until the principal is due. If it is desired that the interest should be paid before the principal is due, the words "payable annually," or "payable semi annually," should be put in the note after the words "per annum," when the note is made.

Dan. W., Cammelton, Ind.:

Please give a brief statement of the various attempts on the life of the Czar of Russia, previous to the one that ended fatally.

The first attempt was made April 16, 1866, when he was fired upon while entering his carriage at the gate of the Summer Garden at St. Petersburg. A light has ever since burned before an image of the Virgin at the garden gate, erected to commemorate the event, and surmounted by the inscription, "Touch not mine anointed." On this occasion the pistol of the assassin was turned aside by Dimitri Korakosow, who was afterward ennobled for the act. The second attempt was made at Paris, June 6, 1867, by Berezowski, a Pole, who fired into the carriage in which the Czar was seated, with his sons and the Emperor Napoleon. As the would-be assassin was about to fire a second time his pistol burst. The third attempt was made April 14, 1877, when Alexander Lolovuff endeavored to shoot the Czar in front of the house of the military staff, in St. Petersburg. The assassin, when captured, was found to have in his possession capsules containing poison, which he could instantly break in his mouth. This attempt led to the adoption of those severe measures, which rendered the succeeding year a reign of terror. The fourth attempt was made at Moscow, December 2, 1879, when a mine was exploded under a train on which the Czar was supposed to be traveling. The fifth attempt was made on the evening of February 17, 1880, when an explosion under the Royal dining room in the Winter Palace killed several guards, the Emperor and his family escaping through an accident preventing their entrance into the dining room at the usual hour. The sixth and last attempt occurred March 13, 1881, and was shockingly fatal.

C. G. F., Hazel, W. Va.:

1. From what is the word calico derived? 2. In what age of the world were the Dark Ages? 3. Please give a brief history of the crusade.

1. It is from the French *calicot*, so called because it was first imported from Calicut, in the West Indies. 2. From A. D. 364, the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, to the reign of William the Conqueror, A. D., 1066. 3. The Crusades were military expeditions undertaken by Christians for the recovery of the Holy Lands, from the power of the Infidels or Mohammedans. Several of these expeditions were carried on from Europe under the banner of the cross, from which symbol the name originated. The first crusade was preached between the end of the 10th and the beginning of the 11th centuries, but it was not until 1096 that the first emigration, inspired by the blessing of the hermit Peter, set out for Palestine under the conduct of a descendant of Charlemagne, Godfrey de Bouillon, and three years later Jerusalem was captured. The second crusade was undertaken in 1147, to assist Baldwin, the third King of Jerusalem, against the Turks, who threatened to expel the Christians from the recovered land; and the third was commanded in 1189 by the Emperor Barbarossa, assisted by the King of France, Richard I. of England, and most of the illustrious Princes of Christendom, ostensibly to check the power of the Sultan, Saladin, and to recover the Holy City, again fallen into the hands of the infidel. Several other crusades have taken place, at different times for Christian or individual interests, but these are the most memorable.

J. D. F., Chatsworth, Ill.:

Have you any way of ascertaining how many trade dollars have been coined, and also how many silver dollars?

The total number of trade dollars coined from the organization of the Government has been $35,959,360. This coinage was distributed through the years as follows:

1874	$ 3,508,900	1878	$11,378,016
1875	5,697,500		
1876	6,182,050	Total	$35,959,360
1877	9,162,900		

The total number of silver dollars coined from the organization of the Mint is $71,780,588. These dollars were coined as follows:

1793 to 1795	$ 24,794	1853	$ 46,110
1796	72,930	1854	33,140
1797	7,776	1855	26,000
1798	327,536	1856	63,500
1799	423,515	1857	94,000
1840	380,930	1859	348,000
1841	54,454	1860	800,530
1842	61,650	1861	339,900
1843	66,064	1862	1,730
1844	19,570	1863	31,400
1845	291	1864	23,170
1836	1,000	1865	32,900
1839	300	1866	58,550
1840	61,005	1867	57,000
1841	173,000	1868	54,600
1842	184,618	1869	241,370
1843	165,100	1870	588,598
1844	20,000	1871	657,829
1845	24,500	1872	1,112,061
1846	169,600	1873	977,170
1847	140,750	1878	8,573,500
1848	15,000	1879	27,267,000
1849	62,600	1880	27,933,750
1850	47,500		
1851	1,300	Total	$71,780,588
1852	1,100		

Information Wanted.

The number of half-dollars coined from the foundation of the Government is $122,743,295. Of quarter-dollars, $35,481,099. Of twenty-cent pieces, $271,000. Of dimes, $16,034,297. Of half-dimes, $4,006,946. Of three-cent pieces, $1,351,850.

The total coinage of all coins, gold, silver and minor, from the foundation of the Government to the present is $1,438,779,925.

Information Wanted.

A. F. Dearth, New Salem, Fayette Co., Pa., wants information in regard to the Brown heirs, of Brownsville.

F. L. Winkler, Alton, Oregon Co., Mo., wants the address of Capt. Arthur Wilkinson, late of Co. E, 50th Mo. Vols.

John A. Davis, 8-Mile Grove, Cass Co., Mo., wants the address of any member of Co. H, 21st Regt. Veteran Reserve Corps.

Ezra Gilbert, Marysville, Marshall Co., Kan., would like the address of James P. Gilbert. Last heard from he was in Arkansas.

James Crow, Pinestaff, Lawrence Co., Ill., wants the address of John Hoggatt, formerly of Paoli, Ind.; last heard of at Quincy, Kan.

Alonzo Carr, Carbondale, Osage Co., Ks., would like the postoffice address of Alexander H. Button, late Lieutenant of Co. K, 112th N. Y. V.

George M. Wilson, Morrisonville, Christian Co., Ill., would like to learn the address of Alf. Thomas and O. Ballinger, of Co. F., 7th Ind. Vol. Cav.

L. L. Haman, Rutland, Dane Co., Wis., wants to know the postoffice address of Dr. Jerome Burbank and Joseph H. Sickle, Lieutenant, both of the 52d Wis. Vol. Inf.

Mrs. Lodia Rickard, Beloit, Mitchell Co., Ks., wants some information as to the whereabouts of her son, James Polk Rickard, who left his home last July, and has not been heard from since.

Wm. H. Kennedy, of Maple Plain, Hennepin Co., Minn., wants the address of John McClain Brown, a member of Co. D, 11th Regt. of Penn. Reserve Corps. Last heard of he was at Bakerstown, Penn.

H. W. Dunten, Lagrange, Ind., wants to know the whereabouts of Capt Chauncey Kilburn and Lieut. A. Paterson, of 94th Regt. N. Y. Vol. Inf., Co. C; last known of were in Jefferson Co., New York.

James S. Pennell, Sigourney, Iowa, would like postoffice address of Major Weir, Surgeon of Post Hospital at Frederick, Md., in 1862-3. Also, that of Capt. N. W. Wheeler, of Co. E, 1st West Va. Cavalry.

Rachel Cannan, Wellington, Lorain Co., O., wants to know the whereabouts of Drs. Weed or Perkins, who served in the late rebellion. They were in the hospital at Nashville, Tenn., during the Spring of 1862.

W. M. Clark, formerly Sergt. Co. C, 2d Tenn. Vols., wants the address of Dr. —— White, who was assistant Regimental Surgeon, 2d Regt. Tenn. Inft. Vols., (Federal) in the latter part of 1862, and from that time on till the close of the war.

L. L. Pauley, Reese's Mills, Boone Co., Ind., wants the address of Capt. R. H. Taylor, Co. F, George G. Peterson, First Duty Sergeant, Co. F, when discharged; also, William H. Dill, same company, or any of the comrades of said company.

M. Remlinger, Whitner's Point, Moultrie Co., Ill., wants to know the whereabouts of James Winn. He left Coles Co., Ill., 10 years ago. He then went to Kansas, and traveled as a Methodist minister. When last heard from was in California.

Robert McCardy, Ann Arbor, Mich., of the 18th Mich. Vol. Inft., would like the address of G. D. Baldwin. He was Acting Regimental Surgeon at Athens, Alabama, in Aug., 1864 When last heard from he was at Fort Scott, Kansas, three years ago.

Information Furnished.

John Dixon, Elk Valley, Neb., writes: J. W. E. Amish, Iowa, will find Dr. Stewart by addressing him at Peoria, Ill.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1.25, signed Aaron Phillips, no Postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing 50c, dated at Grant, Riley Co., Kan., no signature.

Letter containing $2, dated at Willow Valley, Kan., no signature.

Will R. M. Gallup give his postoffice address, and the matter will be promptly attended to.

Letter containing money order for $1.10, from Albany, Oregon, no name attached.

If J. H. Smith, Fairview, will give his full address the error will be corrected.

Will Blair Stevens, who complains of not receiving his book, give his full postoffice address?

Letter containing $3.50, no Postoffice, County or State, to pay for papers for L. Wright, O. Call and R. Van Vleet, signed A. H. Ormsbeed.

Letter containing $1.25, signed E. Kinney, no posts office, County or State.

Will Dr. G. R. Mills, Pleasantville, giv his full postoffice address, and the matter will be looked up.

If H. R. Himan, Spring Mill, will give his full Postoffice address, the error will be corrected.

If G. W. Kridler, Marysville, will give his full Postoffice address, the complaint will be looked up.

Letter containing 25c, dated at Marshalltown, no County, State, or signature attached. A book is wanted.

An Austrian Explorer's Fate.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The statement telegraphed from Sydney that the remains of Leichardt, the Austrian explorer, have been discovered, together with his diary and other relics, will arouse, in Australia at least, as much interest as the discovery of the traces of ill-fated Sir John Franklin. Leichardt was an able young German botanist, who set out to explore the then least known part of Australia some 20 years ago. He disappeared, and, though expedition after expedition was sent in search of him and his companions, no traces whatever were found of the party. Rumors came in from time to time that he was detained among the blacks, or that he had been cut off by them, but nothing was ever definitely known as to his fate. Now it would seem as if his trail had been hit upon by accident, and the full story, if it has really been made out, will be awaited with anxiety.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

$5 Imported useful Household Articles for Samples and Agents catalogue for a stamp to pay postage and packing to all those who mention this paper. London Importing Co., 58, 59 & 60 4th Ave., N. Y.

DELAYED PENSIONS

The Cause of It All—Enormous Frauds Unearthed by the Department.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—In view of probable changes in the management of the Bureau of Pensions, it will be interesting to note some facts and figures which have been brought out by the select committee of the House in relation to the present system of awarding pensions. The delay in having pension claims promptly attended to has been a great source of complaint. Great frauds perpetrated against the Government have also been charged, not so much against the management of the Bureau as against the present pension system. Regarding the former, the committee found that the unprecedentedly large number of claims filed since the passage of the arrears act, the long delays which ordinarily follow a call by the Pension office upon the Adjutant and Surgeon General for the military history of the claimant before it is furnished, the neglect or inability of the claimant to furnish promptly the evidence called for by the Pension Office, and repeated calls for some evidence in the case where evidence has been furnished, and delay in deciding cases promptly when evidence to fully establish them has been filed, are causes of delay which strike the Committee with most force. The Committee, as a result of their investigation, condemn the present

SECRET SERVICE SYSTEM

of examining claims, and recommend that claimants shall have full opportunity of meeting witnesses who testify against them, face to face, and producing witnesses in rebuttal. They also recommend a Court of Pensions for review of decisions of the Commissioner in cases where claims have been rejected. The Committee are of opinion that the evidence they have taken fully justifies the conclusion. The testimony taken covers 568 closely-printed pages. In this testimony Com. Bently himself admits that immense frauds have been committed against the Government. He is represented as saying that they amount to over $2,000,000 annually. He defends investigations of a secret nature in so far as they have unearthed these frauds. As an illustration, he cites 500 cases in which frauds have been committed. These fraudulent pensioners have been dropped from the rolls, having no title whatever to pensions. This table was given to show that the special service has not been entirely useless, and to show the effects of the *ex parte* system of

PROVING PENSION CLAIMS.

These cases were taken indiscriminately, just as they were discovered. The frauds were perpetrated since 1863, but detected since 1876. Many of them were old war cases. Of the 500 pensioners, 233 were invalids. These invalids riled 1,600 affidavits to establish their claims. Of these affidavits 1,245 were false; some of them were fictitious, but in other cases there was perjury. Of the 1,245 false affidavits and certificates 291 were made by ex officers of the claimants, 185 by commissioners, and 769 by civilians. Of this whole number there were 16 known forgeries. There were 268 of these fraudulent pensioners belonging to the widows class, embracing widows, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, and so on. They filed 2,889 affidavits and certificates to establish their claims, of which 1,925 were false. Of these 1,925 false statements 89 were made by ex officers, 69 by comrades and 176 by civilian neighbors. Among these there were 97 forgeries. The amount of money paid out by the Government to these 500 pensioners before the fraud was detected was $527,935. The evidence by which these forgeries have been detected has come sometimes through the special agent who has investigated the case. Usually it is found that the

FRAUDULENT AFFIDAVIT

when compared with the true handwriting of the party, shows on the face that the signature is suspicious, and when it is presented to the affiant himself he denies that he has ever signed it or seen it. These 500 cases dropped since July, 1876, do not include all cases dropped from the roll of pensioners. During this period there were altogether 1,425 pensioners dropped from the roll, as a result of the operations of special agents. In the year ending July 30, 1877, there were 555 pensioners dropped through investigation by the special service, and 334 pending cases were rejected as a result of special investigations. In 62 cases the rates of pension were reduced, including miscellaneous investigations made up on charges against other persons committing offenses against the laws. There were 1,926 investigations in 1877. In 1878 there were 477 pensioners dropped from the rolls, 470 claims rejected, and 68 pensions reduced as a result of these investigations. The entire number of investigations made that year were 1,820. In the year ending June 30, 1879, there were 393 pensioners dropped from the roll, 468 claims rejected, and 55 pensions reduced. The total number of investigations made was 1,465. In about 6 per cent. of the cases investigated where there were

SUSPICIONS OF FRAUD,

these suspicions were found to be just, and in the others that they were unfounded. Mr. Bentley estimates that probably about 10 per cent. of claims for pensions are fraudulent, against which, under the present system, it is impossible to protect the Government. Mr. Bentley cites the case of Prince, who in 1878 was discovered drawing seven widows' pensions in Maine, for which he was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for 10 years. He had defrauded the Government of $20,000. His discovery was purely accidental. He had not single real widow. Every witness' name was forged. Another case of the same nature was recently unearthed in this City. The chief actor or instrument is a colored man; the originator of the crime is a white man, but he escaped from the responsibility two years ago. The witnesses in these cases were mainly perjurers. They did not manage the case as well as Prince, having actual witnesses to perjure themselves, whereas Princes' witnesses were fictitious. Mr. Bentley says that the system which is so productive of crime and so open to the attempts of evil-minded persons to obtain money improperly and unjustly is entitled to condemnation as a matter of public policy.

TERRIBLE REVENGE

For a Crime Committed 15 Years Ago.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 16.—The Republican's Dallas, Tex., special says: "Information has been received of a most sensational tragedy on the north fork of the Red River last Friday, which brought vengeance for a crime committed 15 years ago. It appears that a man named Peter Cook, formerly from Mississippi, with three drunken associates, visited the house of Toney Pino, disguised as United States cavairymen, in 1866, and robbed him of $1,600, ravished a lady relative, and fled. Pino saw neither of the party again until last Friday, when he and two herders came upon Cook among some freighters. Calling him by name, and with terrible oaths, Pino fired four balls into Cook's body, killing him before he could draw his pistol. The parties present arrested Pino, but as he satisfied them that his statement regarding Cook's conduct 15 years ago was true, and he being able to produce a newspaper account to verify it, they released him."

New Albany Ledger-Standard.

Speaking of Governors suggest the mention of an item we received from Mr. Henry A. Knight, foreman at Chas. Waters & Co.'s Governor and Valve Works, Roston, Mass.: I have used St. Jacobs Oil among our employes and find that it never fails to cure. The men are delighted with the wonderful effects of the Oil, as it has cured them of bruises, burns, etc.

FREE 25 Imported useful Household Articles for Samples and Agents catalogue for a stamp to pay postage and packing to all those who mention this paper. London Importing Co., 58, 59 & 60 4th Ave., N. Y.

FLASHES OF FASHION.

Bronze hues are in vogue.
Roman sashes are revived.
All the new bonnets have strings.
Colored straw will be much worn.
All shades of yellow are fashionable.
Black toilets are as fashionable as ever.
Iron-rust red is a new shade of this color.
Both large and small boanets will be worn.
Silver gray and rose lilac are very fashionable.
Brocaded stuffs continue to be used for jackets.
Tufts of feathers are worn more than plumes.
Draperies continue to be very elaborate on dress skirts.
Roman sash ribbons will be used for bonnet strings.
White will be the dressy toilet of festival occasions in 1881.
Tuscan and English straws will be more worn than chip.
Satin de Lyons will be the popular silk of the coming season.
Spiders in gold and steel appear among millinery ornaments.
Puffed short sleeves are fashionable again for evening wear.
Dotted and flowered Swiss muslin dresses will again be worn.
Satin is still the most popular material for the dressiest toilets.
Amethyst amber tinted satin ball dresses are in high fashion.
Flowers and feathers will again be mingled in bonnet trimmings.
Yellow and cream-tinted muslin and lace are as fashionable as ever.
Muslin and lace fichus and collars bid fair to take the place of linen collars.
Ginghams of all kinds, plain, plaided, checked, and striped, will be worn.
Lisle thread gloves will be as fashionable this summer as they were last.
Sleeves are growing larger at the top, forming a slight fullness in the arm hole.
To knit one's own silk stockings is the ambition of the fancy worker at present.
Colored lace mitts, in every style, will be more worn this season than ever before.
Cobweb silk gloves are the latest London novelty. They are made almost transparent.
Fancy aprons of sheer muslin and of silk trimmed with lace and ribbon are again in vogue.
Elbow sleeves with a puff at the top appear on many of the imported dresses of this Spring.
Jet bead trimmings will be made more decorative this season with mixtures of steel and silver beads.
Shirrings and ruffles are seen on all parts of costumes of cotton printed goods, where trimmings can be used.
All dressy suits are composed of two or more fabrics which usually match in color, but contrasts in effect.
Bright and positive colors will not be in fashion except in small bits to give a dash of brightness to a costume.
Gold and silver lace, and gold and silver braids continue to form the decoration of many lovely full-dress bonnets.
Fichus and collars of muslin, lace, surah, crape and silk trimmed with lace are seen in all sorts of eccentric shapes.
Brown, tan, drab, and tones of gray or dust color prevail in the new camel's hair suitings, cheviots, kerseymeres and beiges.
A novelty in the form of a lace pin is a golden fishing rod and silver line looped over the rod, with a gold fish dangling from the end.
Kerseymeres, beiges, camel's-hair cloths, English homespuns, cheviots, and light cloth suitings are the materials for fatigue, business and traveling suits.
Evening dresses of white or colored tarletan have silk tonics, and peasant waists that lace in front, over white shirred waists that are high in the neck, but have very short sleeves.
Among new devices in bonnet ornaments are three and four crescents crossing each other; two and three pyramids in graduated sizes; two bronze horses jumping a silver hurdle; two little pigs caught in a fence; two wild boars rushing out of a thicket, and single camels, elephants, beetles, clubs, oars, rakes, spades, and other gardening and farming tools in dead and bright silver, gold, steel, and red bronze.

La Patrie: "We learn from the *Memorial des Pyrenees* that Mr. James Gordon Bennett, now at Pau, has engaged for his personal gratification, for the space of one month, the celebrated orchestral leader from Vienna, Johann Strauss, who will arrive at Pau about the 1st of March with an orchestra of 80 performers. This royal caprice will cost Mr. Bennett the bagatelle of 140,000 francs, but he is rich enough to pay for his whims. His generosity is also shown, inasmuch as M. Strauss will give a series of concerts which will be open to the public. This is the only reasonable way of making use of his millions.

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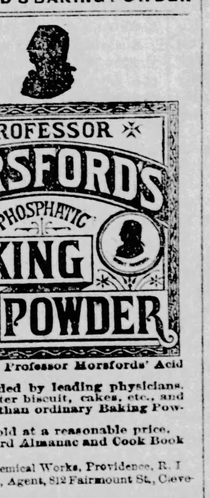

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The Liver, The Bowels and The Kidneys.
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Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous Humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.
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(Will send post paid.)

The Financial Argument.

Pall Mall Gazette.

We should like to call the attention of the partisans of annexation to the following figures, taken from the recently issued report of the Controller and Auditor General: "The revenue of the Transvaal in 1879 was £93,408, and the expenditure £177,595; that is to say, the income was not much more than half of the outlay. In the same year the excess of liabilities over assets is, in round numbers, £420,000." On financial grounds, at least, the Transvaal does not seem to be worth the enormous outlay which its conquest will cost at once and its retention will cost in perpetuity.

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THE WEEKLY BLADE

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D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor

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Circulation this Week, 75,000

NASBY IN EUROPE.

Early in April next Mr. D. R. Locke (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) sails for Europe, to make a tour six months in duration in those countries. He will communicate his impressions in his own peculiarly humorous way of what he sees there in a series of letters to the Blade, which will appear from week to week during his absence. It can be confidently promised that these will prove an attraction that cannot help producing a sensation equaling any effort of our reverend contributor in the past. To have Europe, its institutions, armies, politics, rulers manners and customs, modes of life, and kinds of drinks viewed through Nasby's eyes, and tested by that philosopher's standards of measurement, can not help being by far the most fascinating reading that any one will or can offer to the reading public this year. As heretofore, Mr Nasby will only write for the Blade.

Ben Hill's reckless jaw has again carried havoc into the Democratic ranks.

The fastest trains in the country are run between Jersey City and Philadelphia over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

All who have not read the Nasby pamphlets announced elsewhere, should order copies of them. They cost but a trifle, and affords much amusement.

Mayor Vickery has been re-elected Mayor of Augusta, Me., by a majority of 411, the largest Republican majority that has been given for many years.

There will be a million of Nasby's "Diary of an Office-seeker," sold within three months. Enclose 15 cents to Blade, Toledo, Ohio, and secure a copy.

Col. Roberts, of Titusville, has a locomotive building for him that is expected to run 80 miles an hour. Weare willing to let somebody else ride after that engine.

The Governor of Maine has no desire to foist a crop of State banks upon the people to rob them, and so has vetoed the whole batch of them. He recalls the experience of the past with such institutions.

Owing to the demand for books from our 25 cent list, we have added several new titles. See the list in another column. We send out many hundreds each week of the books, and they give universal satisfaction.

Several mines and other arrangements have been discovered in St. Petersburg which were intended to destroy the Czar if this attempt had failed. It is evident that his death by violence was sure to come sooner or later.

Hon. Geo. H. Boker, whose position as Minister to Russia gave him favorable opportunity for becoming acquainted with the Imperial family, says that the new Czar has neither the ability nor the amiability of his father.

The trouble in Russia among the Revolutionists has seemed to be not how they should find some one to undertake the assassination of the Czar, but rather how they should select from the many who offered to do the dangerous work.

The reorganization of the Senate Finance Committee, with Morrill at the head, and ex-Sec. Sherman second, makes a Committee of startling contrast in point of ability with the batch of financial tinkerers the Democrats made up.

American girls will be devoured with envy when they read that the Brussels lace used in trimming the train of one of the Princess Stephanie's dresses cost 11,000 francs. One of her presents is to be a fan with a rococo bridal procession in water colors on one side, and on the other rubies and diamonds in gold setting.

Now the British Government threatens to interfere with the importation of American cattle. It is singular that no one on this side of the water even hears of the terrible diseases that ravage American cattle and hogs, and that American people who live on this meat are the healthiest in the world.

The *Freeman's Journal* is disturbed by the appointment of a Papal Nuncio to the Court of St. James, which it declares a most dangerous intrigue of England against the religion of Ireland. The *Freeman's Journal* forgets that the Catholic Church has almost invariably sided with England against Ireland. It was in accordance with a bull from Pope Adrian that Henry II invaded Ireland and first established English rule there.

THE "OCEAN KING."

"Juliet" Greets Him In Which She Horn—A Visit the custom governing the Happens.

OF THE WEEK.

ver the organization of by the surrender of the n upon the Republicans the Committees, in ac- with the custom governing the y's action in such cases, and the lar business of the session was be- MAHONE voted with the Republicans throughout, and DAVID DAVIS generally with the Democrats. This caused a tie in many instances, which was disposed of by the Vice President's vote.

The next struggle will be over the question of whether the Democratic officers and employes of the Senate will be replaced by Republicans. There is some pressure being brought to bear to restrain the Republicans from forcing this to an issue, at least during this session, but the latter remember that two years ago, when the Democrats came into power in the Senate, that one of their first acts was to adopt Sen. WALLACE'S motion, that the Senate proceed to the election of Secretary, Sergeant-at-Arms, Doorkeeper, Chief Clerk, Principal Clerk, Executive Clerk and Chaplain. There were no vacancies in these positions at the time. The list comprised all the elective officers of the Senate, all the other officials being appointees of the first two named in the list. The motion, therefore, was equivalent to the discharge of the entire force of Senate employes, and, following its passage, about 60 ex-perienced, and by universal admission efficient, officials, many of them ex-Union soldiers, were discharged, and their places filled by ex Confederates and political retainers of Democratic Senators, all men inexperienced in the functions which they were selected to discharge.

The new Senator from Virginia continues to be the cynosure of the political world. He has had oceans of abuse lavished upon him by the Bourbon papers of the South, but on the other hand, his course has been commended by the more progressive of the papers and politicians of that section, to an extent that gives much hope that the rebellion which he has started against the stupid Bourbonism of his section will be a splendid success. He has already shown himself a man of capacity in his new position, and the Democratic Senators are becoming very careful how they provoke his hard hits.

An intimate friend of the Senator from Virginia, and one authorized to speak for him says that so far from being a seeker after patronage, as the two-cent politicians pretend, MAHONE has carefully and very distinctly caused the Republican side to understand that he asks no favors; that he does not commit himself irrevocably to them; that he wants to see what will be the course of the Administration toward the South, and means to support it in all just and wise measures and none others; and that, according to his best judgment, he will do that in the Senate and in his own State which shall tend to bring peace and good will to the State, the South and the country. Chief among the things needed in this direction he believes to be the destruction of what is called the "Solid South," and this in his State can be done only by subserving and breaking the power of the anti-progressive, intolerant, and bigoted Bourbon party which sail under the name of Democracy.

The President has sent in a number of nominations, all of which has been promptly acted upon and confirmed. The principal one of these was that of Hon. L. P. Morton to be Minister to France.

The question of an extra session of Congress, to meet in the middle of May, is still being earnestly considered. The prevailing opinion is that such a session will be called. The refunding of the $7,000,000 of 5 and 6 per cent. bonds, which become due on the 1st of July, and the passage of the Appropriation Bill are sufficient reasons why such an extraordinary session should be called.

The storm which swept over the country at the end of last week has retarded the opening of the business season somewhat, but its effects are disappearing, and in our next issue we expect to be able to report that the tide of operations has set in in unprecedented activity and volume. Everything continues to promise that this will be the most extraordinary season for prosperity ever known.

The news received by the British Government from Sir Evelyn Wood respecting the progress of his negotiations with the Boer leaders is not very satisfactory. Joubert, the commander of the Boer troops, belongs to the better class among the patriots, and is second the ables fighter among them. Fifteen years ag he distinguished himself greatly in in Boer war against the native Chief Mopereh. Extraordinary stories ar told of his skill as a marksman. T victory at Spitzkop was entirely due to his consummate startegy as a skirmisher. He is also said to be some thing of a diplomatist, and certainly he has a good cause. Paul Kruger, or "Onkle Paul," as he is called, is also a good fighter, but his forte is declamation. His speeches, like his letters, are full of Bible texts, and his account of the Spitzkop battle reads like the reports King William sent Queen Elizabeth at the outset of the Franco Prussian war. The Boers have implicit confidence in these two men, and will follow them into the last ditch, should negotiations be broken off.

The Embassadors of the Constantinople Conference on the Greek question are doing their utmost to bring about a peaceable settlement. Mr. Goschen, the British Embassador, has used all his influence with the Porte to induce it to make the concession demanded by the other powers, but the Ottoman Ministry is stubborn to a degree, and it is believed in official circles that war is inevitable. The accession of the new Czar has greatly increased the difficulty of arriving at a satisfactory settlement. Austria should be as anxious for war as Greece herself, but in some quarters it is deemed probable that the Sultan is secretly offering Bosnia to the Emperor Francis Joseph. This is the most anxious question now pressing upon the English Government.

NASBY IN EUROPE.

Mr. Nasby is now packing his satchel, and will sail for Europe early next month, and we may expect his first letter of the series announced, early in May. These letters will cover a period of six months in the Blade, and we hope all subscribers will mention the fact to their friends who do not take the Blade. Send us a list of your friends and we will send them a specimen copy.

TOO MUCH "CULCHAH."

We have been told with streaming eyes a wearisomely indefinite number of times that the great want in this country is culture. We lack in all things, say those superior persons who have been to "Yurrup," that fine mellow, perfected richness which comes from having several generations of grandfathers planted around us to enrich our lands and taint our well water. Everything, they say, is like our wines—strong and heavy enough, in all conscience—too much so in fact—but "crude" and rank. It needs taming down, refining, polishing, etc. We will never know what true, esthetic happiness is, say these apostles of "culchah," until successive generations of careful breeding and patient loppings of redundant growths have pruned us and all things around us down to that conventional symmetry which is the main characteristic of the subjects of the effete monarchies on the other side of the Atlantic.

The individuals who have charge of the life and destinies of that lucrative product of our soil—the American Hog, seem to be the first and most earnest proselytes to this creed of culchah. In his natural state the Hog had many of the physical and mental characteristics of his owner. He bore a strong resemblance to the men who raised him, just as the men who raise him frequently bear a strong resemblance to him. Like them he was long, thin and wiry, agile as a goat, quick-tempered as a wasp, and able to give a good account of himself in any sort of a dispute he might have with any other animal that might interfere with his natural rights to life liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in somebody's growing garden. Many a Hog so lank as to be able to crawl through a knot hole in the fence, unless prevented by the kink in his tail, has, on arriving in his Canaan—the potato patch—incontinently whipt a hundred pound cur sent to drive him out.

But this state of nature was not pleasing to his owners—no matter how much they might enjoy it in themselves. His value to them had no reference to his ingenuity in opening a barnyard gate, or his capacity for ripping open a bulldog's flank with his tusks in one time and two motions. They rated him by avoirdupois, simply, and made as his chief merit a capacity to turn the fewest bushels of corn into the most pounds of hams and sidemeat.

They began his careful culture. They restricted the exercise of his low instincts to hold mass meetings in the woods and swamps, and discuss the claims of rival candidates after the pugilistic methods of Democratic primary meetings. They discouraged his uncultivated taste for acorns and the fragrant hickory-nut, and taught him that steamed corn meal was the only diet for a hog that went into good society. Then they began furnishing him with a pedigree. His "razor-back" fore-fathers were discarded as vulger, and bad form even. He was given parents with as many "strains" as an Austrian noble has quarterings on his shield.

Under the influence of these he has become the most aristocratic of animals, and as different from the original type as a Texas cow boy is from a London Alderman. The savage tusks have disappeared, the snout that was once the terror of the sward, has become an unobtrusive Grecian profile; bristles that were erstwhile among the most fearful of the adjuncts of the Erymanthian boar, have softened to almost silken pliancy. His eye has lost its wonted ferocity, and his muscles their steely strength and flexibility. While he used to be principally length, he is now most noted for the other two dimensions, breadth and thickness.

But these aristocratic graces have been dearly purchased. His lungs have become contracted, his heart pumps only black blood, and that very sluggishly; his stomach is small and so torpid that he probably suffers much from the hell of indigestion. His kidneys suffer from fatty degeneration, and horrible worms bore through his liver. Where in former days he laughed to scorn the well aimed stone of the small boy, and enjoyed as a healthful recreation a nip-and-tuck tussel with an energetic and determined dog—where he relished nothing so much as to wade into a nest of writhing rattlesnakes and calmly dine off the fearful reptiles, as they struck their poisoned fangs vainly against his thick hide, he is now a delicate vessel trembling continually on the verge of destruction, over which the lightest shove may send him.

A change in the weather gives him colds. He is as sensitive to the condition of the atmosphere as a barometer. His drivers hardly dare strike him, for fear of breaking one of his delicate limbs, and superinducing gangrene; he must be hauled on the railways as tenderly as a first-class passenger, or he will die *en route* He gets the cholera from no explainable cause, and dies of like flies on a frosty morning.

These be the results of high culture upon one of our hardiest animals, hey are not encouraging for a continuance of the process.

One of the most shameful omissions of the last Congress was its neglect to pass any bill to provide for additional Congressional Library accommodations. There are now 400,000 volumes or thereabouts, and every nook and cranny of the three rooms devoted to the purpose is filled. About 100,000 are arranged upon dry pine shelves which would burn like tinder, if fire should start anywhere near them. In an attic adjoining the roof the old part of the Capitol which is not fire proof, are stored 5,000 bound volumes of American and foreign newspapers, which if destroyed, could in no way be replaced. And yet in the face of these facts, nothing was done to put matters in better shape.

The announcement that the Powers will not allow Turkey to send her powerful fleet into Grecian waters in the event of a war with her Hellenic neighbor, greatly increases the probability that Greece will be able to make some headway against her vastly more powerful enemy. It will be like a number of school boys holding another big boy's arms, while a little fellow kicks his shins, A there is of Greece of any value lies along her seacoast, and the powerful Turkish navy could ruin the country in a week.

Enclose 15 cents to Blade Co., Toledo, Ohio, and get a copy of "The Diary of an Office Seeker." It is a timely pamphlet of 32 pages by Nasby, and will be read everywhere and by everybody.

BEN. HILL'S IMPUDENCE.

The prominence of the senior Senator from Georgia before the country is due entirely to the ill timed activity of an untrammeled jaw. He has a finer talent than any other man in the Nation for saying the wrong things at the wrong times. The temptation of opportunity, the pressure of accident, even, has never been able to extort from him a generous, a wise, or a statesmanlike utterance. He only becomes voluble when he can say bitter, insulting and hate-producing things.

Of this nature was his unpardonable insolence toward Sen. Mahone. It required impudence rising to the proportions of genius to assume and maintain, as he did, that he was the keeper of the conscience of the Senator from Virginia, and called upon to inform him as to his duty. Such an arrogant assumption was a startling breach of the ethics and traditions of the Senate, where each august member is a full peer of every one, and so superior to tutelage in any form, that the mere suggestion of attempting such a thing is a grave insult.

But even without remembering this jealously preserved peership of all the Senators, Hill's attitude seems vastly absurd. Except in parliamentary experince Mahone is in every way his superior. Outside of the Senate, Hill is, and always has been, a mediocre lawyer in a country Town in Georgia. Mahone, on the other hand, is a man of brilliant success in the affairs of life. He and Longstreet were the ablest of Lee's Generals, and it is claimed that he was the man designated by Lee as his successor in command of the Army Northern Virginia—in the event of his fall.

Since the War Gen. Mahone has conducted successfully one of the largest railroad enterprizes in the South. Such is the respect and confidence felt among his people that he was enabled to form a great party of his own immediate followers. Contrast these evidences of the highest forms of intellectual superiority with those that Ben Hill has displayed, and then the full absurdity of the backwoods Georgia lawyer's attempted tutorage of the veteran General, and experienced men of affairs will become apparent. It was like the "foul jester" Thersites scolding Agamemnon "King of men."

RICHES BEGET SELFISHNESS.

The story is told of two boys who, lying in wait for alms, saw a well dressed, comfortable looking man passing and begged him for some money to buy bread. The answer was short: "Get out, you young rascal; don't bother me," whereupon the urchin remarked to his companion: "He must be a millionaire, Bill."

The boy only voiced a truth which most people have been made cognizant of in the course of their lives, that as a rule the more wealth an individual possesses the less charitable he is. The largest amount of money given to help humanity, and the strongest efforts to do good do not proceed from those who have treasures at their command, but from the medium class, they who lead the busy lives of workers in the every day world, comfortable in circumstances, perhaps, but not beyond the necessity of exertion. This very fact makes them more tolerant of the misfortunes of others, more ready to give of what they have. The man who gets $1,500 a year is more likely to hand you $5 for the relief of some sufferer than he whose income is $15,000.

A Boston paper in speaking of the Art Museum of that City says that during the two days when no admission fee is charged the visitors are vastly multiplied, and, strange to say, most of them come in their own carriages. The same thing has been observed during the progress of the Chicago Exposition when half price was asked on some particular days. It is not generally the possessors of the greatest wealth who occupy the most expensive seats at the Opera and Theatre. In fact the very rich are usually the least liberal in all directions.

The reason for this may lie in the fact that there are in this country few inherited fortune; large wealth is the product of early saving united to a shrewd business capacity. Frequently necessary economy becomes parsimony. The habit of holding on to the small change crysial izes and opposes itself to every call for generosity.

Whatever the cause may be, the fact is so well understood that the hardening effect of prosperity has passed into an axiom. It is well for the world, perhaps, that the masses do not accumulate wealth, that in truth it is only the very few who can count their millions, or even rise above a few thousands. Those who do may well make it their earnest prayer that they shall not lose all tenderness towards their fellow creatures, all desire to benefit humanity, all sentiments except those which are purely selfish. It is a sorry thing when a man who is on the down hill side of life, with the end possibly not far away, has no other ambition than William H. Vanderbilt has, whose desires include nothing in their boundary but to keep the millions intact with which his coffers are filled.

The news that the Princess Dolgorouki has hastily left St. Petersburg must not be interpreted to mean that there has been such a strong disapproval of her morals as to make her longer stay there unpleasant. There is nobody about the Imperial Court who is in position to flip a stone as big as a pea at an immoral woman, for it is undoubtedly the most dissolute crowd in the world. The Princess retires because there is a change of administration. Her day of power is past, and another clique takes its turn at the Imperial treasury and the fat offices. As has always been the case with these despotisms, her beauty and charms were used to gain an ascendancy over the monarch for the benefit of a gang of place-hunters, and they used the power so obtained as relentlessly and corruptly as did the hangers-on of De Pompadour or Gabrielle d'Estrees. Now there is a new deal, and she is swept away.

The Spanish Government is showing a great degree of activity in fighting gambling, which has become almost a mania all over the Kingdom. In Madrid 26 gambling houses were surprised and closed in about six hours after the order was given.

In "The Diary of an Office-seeker," by Nasby, will be found a great deal of sound sense, although it is purely a satire Send 15 cents to Blade, Toledo, Ohio, and get a copy of it.

OUR PRISON SYSTEM.

That nation is the most prosperous which includes the largest number of self-sustaining people, consequently, every institution, either charitable, reformatory or punitory, should be established and conducted with this end in view. In the case of the latter, especially, it is necessary to make this idea prominent, since a man or woman who has committed a crime against society, has no right to expect that society will maintain him, or coax him into living a better life.

A. S. Meyrick, in the current number of the *International Review*, discusses the question of "Improvements in Prison Discipline" in a practical way that commands attention. The principal reforms which he advocates are, first, to separate the incidental offender from the hardened criminals; second, to make the length of the term of imprisonment depend upon the reform of the prisoner; and, third, to allow him by good conduct, not only to have the rigor of his punishment softened, but permit him to share in the proceeds of his labor, if he works faithfully and becomes thoroughly skilled in his trade.

The Blade has frequently spoken of the evils of promiscuous fellowship in our jails and prisons. There is no more potent infinence for evil than continued associations with corrupt natures, and to throw those who, perhaps, are comparatively new in the way of crime with hardened, reckless offenders, is to hopelessly ruin all chances of reformation of the former, and do no good to the latter.

The writer in the *Review* urges that the term of imprisonment be made indeterminate and depending on good conduct. Send them for a time not less than the shortest period affixed as a penalty for the crime, but make their continuance there dependent upon the evidences given of a thorough reform. Let them understand that this is so and there is given one of the strongest possible motives for trying to do well. Open before them the prospect of a mitigation of the rigor of their punishment,—better treatment while in prison, and a conditional release after a certain part of their time has expired—and you have done much towards inciting them to good conduct and the formation of industrious habits.

The English system inflicts solitary confinement for nine months upon the worst offenders. This is an inflexible rule, but after that, the matter of being better treated and restored to human companionship rests upon themselves. They have a graded system of marks by which they are judged, and by good behavior they can shorten their term of imprisonment, and obtain, when set at liberty, the aid of the Society of Patronage, to set them upon their feet again. Statistics show that since this system has been in vogue there "has been a notable decrease in the number of great crimes."

If to these two happy results to the prisoner of good behavior, the incentive is added of a participation in the fruits of their labor, the motives for reform are strong indeed. The writer takes the ground that by the present mode of conducting convict labor, we take away "all inducement to excellence; we take from the prisoner all interest in his work; we make him a slave, doomed for a certain definite period to unrequited toil; and we offer him a premium on his stupidity, his carelessness, his laziness, or his vicious propensities." Under these circumstances it is not strange that our prisons are not self sustaining.

Let the criminal be made to feel that the State is inflexibly just; that while it will punish him for his crime, it will yet give him a chance to reform; that it does not stand in the attitude of an avenger; and that it is willing, after he has paid for his support, that he shall share in the fruits of his labor. Make him feel these things and a long step is taken towards turning him into an honest, self-supporting citizen.

ANNA DICKINSON.

It is announced that Miss Anna Dickinson is about to play *Hamlet* and *Camille Melnotte*. The bare mention of the fact has been sufficient to call down thunders of disapproval upon the head of this woman who has shown far more pluck and energy than the great majority of men. And it is simply because she has done this, because she has succeeded in making herself a potent influence that much of this carping is due.

Just criticism is all right. Miss Dickinson herself would scorn to claim any exceptional treatment on the ground of her sex, but that little, insignificant male gnats should buzz and bark and bite, because she dares something, *being* a woman, is contemptible. By her brave past she has earned respectful consideration in the present. Her services at that critical time when the Nation was trembling in the balance should shield her from harsh and unjust judgment. Said a leading public man, not long since, "Anna Dickinson did as much, or more, than any one person to elect Abraham Lincoln."

There is nothing succeeds like success. Should she, as her manager is confident she will, and as her friends ardently hope she may, become another Charlotte Cushman, she can afford to laugh at the spiteful flings and sarcastic personal allusions now indulged in. Should she fail, though it will be as the bitterness of death to her, as failure is to any high spirited man or woman, she will still be Anna Dickinson, a woman of undoubted talent, undaunted courage, and fearless energy, who has done more thus far in her life than the great majority of her critics would accomplish in centuries Meanwhile the Blade unites with her many friends and admirers in an earnest and heartfelt wish for her success in the new *role* she is reported to be about undertaking.

"THE DIARY OF AN OFFICE-SEEKER."

Under the above title Mr. Nasby has written the adventures of a man who fought and suffered for the sake of an office under the present Administration. It is a piece of genuine satire and will have an enormous circulation. The Blade Company, Toledo, O., have printed it, and it will be sent to any address on the receipt of 15 cents. Order it at once.

The silk manufactures of the United States are rapidly increasing. In 1870 their value was $12,000,000, while in 1880 finished goods were produced to the amount of $34,000,000 and the gross value of all products reached $41,000,000. Silk is manufactured in 15 States, though practically confined to New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

THE NEW EMPEROR.

The funeral ceremonies of the murdered Czar are over. They were grand and imposing in the extreme,—a pageant more magnificent than anything which Russia ever witnessed before. For the first time for years, a procession of which Alexander II was the prominent part, could pass through the streets of St. Petersburg without expectation of dire disaster.

Alexander III. is now the Emperor of Russia with all of its miseries, its unsettled problems of government, its unanswered demands. His is no easy task, for should he fail to give satisfaction to the Revolutionists as to his intentions for the future, they will be likely to make short work of him, without the delay of years as in the case of his father. It is not difficult to imagine that his thoughts as he walked alone after the splendid coffin wherein the dead Emperor lay were not pleasant ones. More like his grandfather, the stern Nicholas in person and character, he comes to the throne surrounded by perils and difficulties of which the former never dreamed. His will cannot now be absolute in Russia as could that of Nicholas. The years have brought great changes in the temper and condition of the people, and he must accommodate himself to them, or his father's fate will be his.

It is said that he intends to inaugurate a more liberal policy at home; that his foreign policy will be pacific, and he will turn his attention to the internal development of the State. This intention has been announced in a circular sent to Russian representatives in other countries. It remains to be seen whether he will be permitted to carry out the program which he has mapped out for himself. The time has come for autocracy to die its death, and the present to be freed from the traditions of the past. If the new Emperor yields to the inevitable, Russian Nihilism may have had its day.

A DISEASE.

A Boston paper urges upon that City the establishment of a hospital for the treatment and cure of persons who are hopelessly intemperate. The writer claims, and justly, that there are many who recognize the fact that they are ruining themselves physically, mentally, and morally, and would gladly reform for their own sake and for the sake of those whose love and respect are dear to them, but it is an impossibility. Their will is not strong enough to combat with a diseased body.

The truth is both body and mind are diseased and a person so afflicted needs restraint in order to be healed. He may take all the remedies in the world, but if he is free when the mania comes upon him they will have no effect. The individual who has lost self control in this respect, and has become a habitual drunkard should be treated as an insane person and placed under restraint until the diseased body and mind have a chance to heal.

It is all very well to talk about force of will, and useless yielding to temptation. The fact remains that a large proportion of mankind have not power to fight and overcome disease brought on by intemperance of any kind. When the disease is so aggressive as drunkenness, there should be a way of controlling the patient as an insane person is controlled, and hospitals for this purpose established and carried on properly would be an excellent thing. Physicians could then have power over the body long enough to free it from disease, and give the patient the chance of physical and mental health in the fight with temptation.

CONKLING AND OHIO.

Conkling has Ohiophobia of a malignant type. He is always on the look out for an opportunity of calling attention to the number and prominence of Ohio men in National places. He forgets that every time he does this he makes a savage indictment of his own management in New York. Ohio has many great men in public life, instead of a vast crop of servile underlings, simply because she has never been cursed with a political Boss. There is room in this State for any man who has a talent for public affairs to attain to the highest walks of usefulness, where, if he lived in Pennsylvania or New York he could only become one of the upper lackeys of a Conkling, a Kelley, a Cameron, or a Wallace. Consequently men of superior capacity are found in great numbers in political life in Ohio, and the paucity of such material elsewhere leads to their selection as heads of departments, and for other positions of leadership, while the rank and file of officeholders are recruited from the mediocre talent that are willing to accept office as henchmen of such men as Conkling. It is not true that there is a larger proportion of Ohio men than from other States in office. The reverse is true. Ohio has nothing like her share of smaller places, but she has more than any other State in the higher places, which demand exceptional talent to fill them, and this because she has much the largest crop of men of ability and training.

DESERVEDLY SUCCESSFUL.

The success attained in any kind of business is in proportion to the excellence of its management. No matter how good the opportunities are, what facilities for growth, and what resources may be at the back of an enterprise, if a skilful hand is not at the helm of the ship that carries it, it will be sure to be stranded. The business world is full of just such wrecks, and the remnants of more come to the surface every day.

And yet the principles which govern this getting rich are essentially simple in all kinds of business, and the wonder is why there are so many failures. Even those which are considered the safest are no exception, there being "wrecks" where the ordinary business risks are wanting. That they are almost invariably the result of mismanagement is certain.

One of the surest of all the different kinds of business, if rightly conducted, is life insurance. Companies do fail it is true, but when they do, it is not because the system is wrong, but that the practice is weak. When, however, one has stood the test of time, has passed through wars and financial crises, has grown through the 36 years of its existence from a beginning without capital stock and without funds to an accumulation of $43 000,000 of unquestioned assets, and an outstanding insurance of $135,000,000, it seems to be as solid and trustworthy as anything in this world can be. This is the history of the New York Life Insurance Company, and its past is a sufficient guaranty for its future. It deserves the confidence of the people; it has it, and will maintain it unquestioned so long as it conducts its business on its present broad and secure basis.

CURRENT EVENTS.

It is reported that Fred Douglass will be reappointed Marshal of the District of Columbia.——Theodore Kratz, president of the suspended Missouri Band, at Kansas City, has been arrested on a state warrant charging him with receiving deposits in a failing institution.——Only 10 per cent. of the population of Italy are to-day beggars, the percentage having greatly decreased during the last quarter of a century.——The Rev. D. F. Mitchell of Topeka has been found guilty by his Methodist Conference of using the Church money dishonestly to promote his candidacy for Congress.——Marie Prescott, the actress, who is supporting Salvini during his American tour, is suing for a divorce from her husband. Her real name is Burke and she has two children.——They tried the plan of heating Milwaukee with steam, but the company organized to carry out the scheme has failed, and the project will probably be abandoned.——It is said the California fruit crop has been badly injured by the recent cold weather.——Edward Dickhaut, a locomotive fireman at East New York went to sleep in his cab and was nearly smothered by coal gas.——Bowling Green, Ky., is exercised over real ghosts that have made their appearance on the streets there.——It is a singular coincidence that the famous Italian discoverers of America came to the New World under foreign flags, and that all Americans to day go to Europe under foreign flags.——Ten cows stood in a row in a stable at Plattville, Wis., with their heads fastened in the usual way between stanchions. The floor gave way in the night, and in the morning they were found hanging dead.——Mrs. Ellen S. Dunnel of Bath, Me., who has been in the last stages of consumption since last Christmas, has been entirely cured, as she says, through the medium of prayer.——John Tolan, of Marine, Minn., crazed with spiritualism and whisky, killed his wife because he thought she was plotting with their neighbors to kill him.——A Second Advent congregation at Greenwood, Kan., have lost confidence in their pastor because, while publicly avowing a belief that the world would come to an end in 1881, he secretly took a note for five years on a loan of $1,000, and demanded 12 per cent. interest with ample security.——Wendell Phillips said in a public address, a few days before the assassination of the Czar: "I look at Russia, 4,000 miles away, and see what incubus is resting on her people. I only hope that somebody will lift it off their shoulders. If nothing will do it but the dagger, then welcome the dagger."——There was an explosion in a toy torpedo factory in New York, Thursday, and though no life was lost, there was nearly a panic in a neighboring school. Several pupils were caught just as they were about to jump from third story windows.——The Harbor Commissioners of San Francisco have discoverd that about $80,000 have been stolen from their funds by dishonest tally clerks.——Nellie Cale and Frank Fisher, of Chicago, were to have been married on Wednesday. The bride sent a carriage for the groom, but he could not be found, whereupon she put the case in the hands of the Police, who were unable to find the recreant Fisher.——Dr. Cumming, the once well-known London preacher, is now out of his mind.——France and Spain have forbidden the Republic of Andorra to start a fashionable gambling hell.——A Rock Island pastor has resigned because some of the members of his Church persist in dancing.——The Nihilists of Russia declare that they will continue their peculiar and effective warfare on the new Emperor if he does no better than his father.——While the Sara Bernhardt troupe was playing in Titusville, Pa., one of the members sat down upon a rickety chair, which gave way and dropped him to the floor. This so excited one of the actresses that she fainted and the curtain had to be rung down.——The weavers of Bohemia are in great destitution. In upper Silesia, Prussia, there is no improvement in the impoverished condition of the peasantry. Their situation is summed up thus: "No grain, no potatos, no food for cattle, no seed for sowing. Snow and cold without, hunger and sickness within." Soup houses and public kitchens have been started in 17 villages.——The laborers in the St. Gothard tunnel have suffered from a mysterious disease that long baffled all physicians; but an Italian physician, Dr. Giaccone, has now traced it, with the aid of microscopic investigation, to parasitic worms that are engendered by the underground atmosphere and lodge in the intestines of men working in it. A Swiss physician, Dr. Sulderegge has supplemented this discovery by devising a method of expelling the parasites. The two doctors are hailed in Switzerland as benefactors of their race.——Several St. Petersburg editors have been summoned before the press censor, who requested them to refrain from utterances calculated to excite public opinion.——It was intended to complete the evacuation of Candahar by April 15, but the Ameer has requested a postponement of the vacuation until he has arranged for taking over the City and Province.——It is stated that the Princess Dolgorouki, the late Czar's morganatic wife, received an anonymous letter Sunday morning warning her that the Czar was to be assassinated that day; that she tried to prevent the Czar from riding out, but without effect. The Princess has left St. Petersburg, and will not return.——Princess Louise Caroline, of Hesse Cassel, is dead.——J. W. Mackay, Jay Gould and William H. Vanderbilt each contributed $5,000 to the Grant fund.——And now a lot of London speculators are organizing a company in New York to make a fortune out of coffee made from date seeds.——Chicago was visited Saturday and Sunday last with the worst snow storm of the season.——Gen. Grant is said to have severed all connection with the World's Fair Commission, on account of important business requiring his presence in Mexico. It is thought the World's Fair business will not be proceeded with in consequence.——Canadians want the English Government to send Michael Davitt, the notorious Land Leaguer, to them, and they promise to make a good citizen out of him.——It is said extensive strikes will be inaugurated in the Pennsylvania coal mines, on the 1st of April.——Three New York brewers who discharged members of the Brewers' Union, are being Boycotted, 6,000 members of the Union having agreed not to drink the beer made by these firms. A great many saloons have been compelled to buy their beer of other makers in consequence.——Some Canadian colonists en route to Manitoba are snow bound in Chicago.——Two men quarreled in a Cincinnati saloon and one threw the other to the floor with such violence that his neck was broken.

PLAYS.

We have in stock several thousand plays, well adapted to the use of school, lodge, and church entertainments. It would be useless for us to attempt to give a list of titles on account of the space they would occupy. Even if we should the titles would give but little idea of the play. The regular price of these plays is 25 cents each, but we will mail them at 15 cents each. In ordering simply state whether you want a farce, comedy, or temperance play, and we will select a title to please you.

All persons out of employment will do well to canvass for the two fast selling books "Dr. Carlins Receipts," and "Andersonville" announced elsewhere For particulars address the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo Ohio.

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"Annals of a Baby," a story.

"Me," a story.

"Tim's Wife," a story.

"Our Artist in Spain and Cuba," comic illustrations of travel.

"That Charming Evening," a book of evening games and pastimes.

"Dental Economy," a treatise on the teeth.

"Blessed Bees," a treatise on bee keeping.

"Waverly Novels," any title, bound in cloth, 25 cents each.

TO BOOK AGENTS.

The Locke Publishing Company wish to say to their agents that the new book, "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," has gone to press this week, and by the second day of April they hope to commence filling orders. The book will contain very much more than first contemplated, will be printed on better paper than the prospectus represented, and in many ways will be improved over the first design. Never was there so much information in a book for the money. Everybody should remit 75 cents to the Locke Publishing Company for a prospectus and select their territory. A million copies of this book will be sold within the next three years.

A new edition of "Andersonville" has also gone to press, and those who have lately been unable to get library-bound copies can have their orders filled about the first week in April.

NEARLY GONE.

Of the following popular selling books we have only about enough on hand to supply orders for the next 10 days, and we would advise any who wish them to order as soon as they read this notice: "Kendal's Horse Book," "Grinder Papers," "Swiss Family Robinson," "A Winter Amid the Ice," "Smith's Bible Dictionary," and "Physical Life of Woman." Our cheap edition of Shakspere, and "The Struggles of Nasby" will soon be exhausted. We can supply two more sets of Chambers's Encyclopedia, at $18 per set by express, charges to follow.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Not long ago we announced a cheap edition of Pilgrim's Progress at 50 cents. So great was the demand that our stock was exhausted in two weeks. We now have on hand about 50 copies of a very fine large edition of the same, printed with large type on fine paper, and illustrated with many beautiful full-page engravings. This book is worth fully $3.00 at retail, but we will mail it post-paid on receipt of $1.50. This a standard book, and should be in every house.

THE K

Correspondence.

SPRING STYLES.

Correspondence of the Blade.

NEW YORK, March 19.

Dressing in good style requires less money and effort than it did 20 years ago, as the fashions of one year blend into those of the next without remarkably distinct changes. This is dressmaker's month, and happy is she who has with forethought engaged the skillful cutter and fitter for the fortnight before housecleaning, after which Summer toilets can be finished off at leisure.

For early dresses, before the warmth of Spring is felt, the fulled cashmeres, and finely twilled soft camel's hair, or mixed cloths will be made up with over-dresses of cheviot or the new dark plaids. Colored velveteen skirts will be worn with cashmere, plaid or silk, for the material improved in quality and dye is one of the best service goods known, and has a value in artistic dressing unsurpassed. In dark red brown and seal brown, dark purple and garnet shades it is worn as a plain underskirt, with looped overdress, and jacket or cape of plaid, with ground of the same color. A suit with dull, dark purple velveteen skirt has the plaid laid in broken folds across the front, and at the back it falls in broad box-pleats or deeply gauged straight drapery within six inches of the hem; the waist is either round and belted with easy surplice folds, or plain and belted, with six inch pleating let in the back below the belt, like a Havelock jacket. A round cape with collar is worn out of doors. The plaid in question is dull purple, crossed with lighter shade, with a bar of dark red and threads of orange and brown, and the velveteen skirt is finished with two pleatings of plaid, each two inches wide. The bonnet is a close round shape in black straw, with knot of small purple plumes in front, and beaumed strings of plaid Surah to match the dress. Plain cloth or cashmere skirts with narrow pleatings are worn under the plaids, and a variety in costume is secured by choosing a plaid of colors to suit some plain dress with which it can be used. Black silk skirts relieved by ruffles and facings of the same plaid as the upper dress are well worn with the dark wine, gold and brown plaids in which the latter shade is almost black. Indeed it looks well with any of the new plaids which are not the regular Scotch tartan, but dark rich colors, brightened by classical dashes of orange or gold. Thus, a maroon ground is crossed by garnet and blood red, with threads of dark brown and amber. A more subdued blue plaid is threaded with dull purple, orange and black, though blues, except in turquoise and old China shades are retired from fashion.

The waist is the difficult part of plaid suits to manage, and new costumes have the jacket of plain material, like the ground of the plaid, and trimmed with it. Kilted folds break the outlines of the plaid, and hence kiltings and plaited skirts are frequently seen. They are, however, confined to lighter materials than formerly, and the heavy cloth skirts have narrow foot pleatings of Surah, or are slashed with deep silk pleatings let in. Thinner plaid goods and silks are laid either in box pleats or quite fine kilting half the length of the skirt, and broad triple folds on soft drawn scarfs cross the front where the pleating joins the plain skirt, and again below the apron, confining the kilting in shape. The back widths are draped like an Arab burnous. The round apron coming smoothly over the hips is of plain cloth, and is cut away squarely below the belt in front, and the back laid in square pleats, longer than the rest. The flat coat collar and lapels to the end of the fronts are of plaid, the long coat sleeves has no cuff but is finished, like the standing collar of cloth, with a row of stitching on the extreme edge. Where silk or contrasting material of any kind is used on cloth, it is in panels, or broad vest or plain forms, and facings, puffings and bindings give way to the severest finish of stitched and well-pressed edges.

CAMBRIC AND GINGHAM.

Picturesque dresses are made of the new printed cambrics and sateens in rich but unobtrusive figuring, over skirts of plain red, wine color, navy blue, dark green or purple cambric to suit. A neat and darker gradimal is found in the Turkey red cottons which are so popular for these country dresses, on account of their excellent wear, while wine red and garnet are shown in the solid French cambrics, which are said to defy laundry and hard usage. Some of the patterns are the large set flowers of brocade, roses and mallows in faint pinks on dark red, claret or terra cotta grounds; the finer ones are well covered flower designs, in such unobtrusive rich coloring that only the general effect is noticed. Long, draped overdresses of these figured stuffs above fine petticoats of the solid percale will be worn for all occasions except very ceremonious ones, during the coming Summer. A lady with a cheviot walking suit, a brocade and Surah dress for dinners, and a selection of these French cambric costumes, and white muslin barages, will find herself prepared with stylish toilets for all Summer. The cotton fabrics, percales and sateens are charming in effect, and the prices range higher and higher, the fine designs reaching from 42 to 65 cents a yard; we may yet see the old-fashioned ever wearing calicoes our mothers used to buy at 31 a yard. The fine ginghams are in every variety of plaid and threaded figure, from the clear black and white pin-head check, which is the favorite for suits, to the mellow-hued small Madras plaids, in brown and orange, with a stroke of red, or dark purple, amber and brown, and the delicate pink and white or blue and gray, cross-barred patterns which make up in suits of belted and pleated jackets, over skirts and crimped ruffled petticoats. The striped ginghams in soft shades of stripes of pink and pencilled gray, with a little blue, or rice straw, are newer, and are chosen by experienced shoppers as likely to be in vogue next season.

PRETTY NOTIONS.

Linen handkerchiefs with borders printed like popular patterns of percale are bought to wear round the neck with morning dresses. They are pinned round the collar like a silk kerchief, or collar and cuffs are made from them. One edge forms a wide, square collar, with breakfast cloth points, two side hems together make a tiny chemisette, or are used as lawn ties, and the cuffs are eked out from what remains. Cloudy lawn, India muslin and crepe de Chenille ruchers or tuckers are now worn with half-open dresses, finishing with a delicate, scant lace ruffle, or the soft folds in Quaker modesty fastened over a small oval brooch. Pretty fancy neckscarfs for the neck are of India lawn, which is a different quality from muslin, with ends of Irish point embroidery. Soft India muslin scarfs, with deep embroidered ends, are newer than those trimmed with lace, but those with beautiful and drawn work in the ends, and finished with clear frilled thread footing, have the finest effect on the complexion. The fashion of wearing crimped frills of dimity or lawn is revived, and the gathered ruffles on gingham and cambric dresses are sometimes crimped for stylish novelty. Deep square lawn collars and outside cuffs are worn for elegant morning lingerie, and wide, round or square lace collars accompany handsome dress. The choice set of baby collars in Maltese lace or Irish point is taken for mamma's use on occasion, and little boys' bearded square collars are known to furnish pompadour fronts for square necked dresses.

HOW TO USE WORN ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

A clever bit of tasteful thrift was shown me to-day by a clever young housekeeper, who had no idea she was furnishing a paragraph for a news letter. She had a vine of leaves and flowers of beautifully tinted application on velvet, which on nearer glance proved to be artificial flowers pressed flat and caught with a stitch or two on velvet, with sprays of feather stitch in silk lightening the effect. A primrose was the central flower, and a few of those common tiny blossoms that resemble hawthorn were at the ends, and the filling of feather or briar stitch between on the claret velvet was elegant. Everybody has wished for some use for worn artificial flowers which seem too good to throw away, and they will be surprised to see how admirably they fill in embroidery. The stamens are left not quite flat, which adds to the effect. As work of this kind can be done very rapidly, it is sure to be popular and applique of this kind is remarkably pretty for basket falls and mantel work.

A CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"Busy Bee," the brick or clay stoves are used in this country, by its class of thriftiest citizens, the Mennonite covenists. Their adobe houses on the bleak, storm-swept prairies of Northern Nebraska are nests of warmth and snugness, thanks to their thick walls and stoves. Their mods of living seems rude beside our precise finish, but I wish every trim American house held the absolute comfort of their low dwellings, which storm does not shake or cold penetrate. The stove I saw at a Mennonite house was nearly the height of the room, and looked like a large chimney flue, plastered with clay and white-washed. It kept three rooms at mid-Summer heat, with raw wind sweeping without, and the fuel was the dried tumbleweed which is like enormous potato tops. A huge basketful was crammed into the stove twice or thrice a day, and as the clay never cooled, or lost heat, this light fuel was enough to heat the house and cook with. Tile or brick stoves are coming into use among the best families in England, and the few who prize supreme comfort here. These stoves commend themselves for their neatness, ornament and economy of fuel. A description in a late London paper says of them: "These stoves are made entirely of fire-clay, faced on the outside by tiles of beautiful design, and are so highly glazed on the outside that they are easily kept clean." How nice to have a stove which needed no blacking, and which one could wash like a china dish! "Iron is only used to brace the various parts together, and for the small fire doors. The great advantage of fire-clay as a material for stoves is due to its extraordinary power of absorbing heat, and gradually radiating it so as to maintain an even temperature a long time. After the fire has burnt to a good red glow, the doors are tightly slossed so that no air can enter. This prevents all draught and waste of heat up chimney. In its fire clay box the fire slowly burns for 12 hours, consuming about five pounds of coal, and radiating all the heat through the tiles." When we learn that the large size tile stove, four feet high, no larger than our big base burners, with five pounds of coal, will heat 8,000 cubic feet, or a room 20x40, and 10 feet high, for 12 hours, to 62°, we feel defrauded of comfort in being without them. That fireplace heater is still a blessing to whoever has the bonnie little house that holds it—alas, far enough from here. I have longed for it this Winter, in a house supposed to be well built, and furnace-heated, when the high winds drew all the available heat up chimney, and in every house in Town, women sat shawled and shivering over the registers, with bushels of coal glowing below. Parents kept their children at home from school, in the suburbs of Boston, for the expensive, handsome schoolhouses, with *four* furnaces of the largest size worked to their utmost, failed to warm the schoolrooms enough to be safe to sit in them, a state of things which might be entirely avoided by building heaters of proper material, soapstone, clay or brick, and fitting them with tight dampers, in the chimney as well as elsewhere."

Ventilation *was* perfect in the room with the chimney heater. "Busy Bee" will find it difficult to build a house so tight that in breezy Winter weather, enough air to keep a room pure, occupied by an ordinary family, will not force itself in, provided the windows are open for five minutes once in each half day. As the weather moderates, regular ventilators come in use. A 5-inch iron pipe let through the wall of the house to admit fresh air into the fire-back, would supply a large room 25 feet square with pure warm air. Our chimney drew enough air through the old-fashioned backwork of the outer wall into the air-chamber to supply the room with the sweetest air.

"Aunt Axie," your appeal rouses me at once, as does the cry of every neuralgic sufferer, for I knew a case of its tortures for 15 years, and have the remedies by heart. Many which relieved but could not cure my poor sufferer have succeeded in dozens of other cases, and may in yours. Steaming the face and head over boiling elderberry blossoms, or hops, or sumach leaves helped the pain. Common thistle heads and young leaves are said to be sovereign used in this way, and drank as a strong tea. Boneset and tansy, steeped in strong tea, taken three or four times a day before eating, relieved the neuralgia, and benefited the general health. Eucalyptus medicina was a relief. Lying in full sunshine, when not too warm, eased the pain, and sunshine was one of the agencies which finally led to restored health. Blistering the parts affected, bathing with pungent lotions, strong doses of bromide and chloral, and the cattery, each and all proved of no real good, and it is useless to subject a patient to their additional tortures. Avoid anodynes save in extreme cases. Instead, give a dose of mild, efficient pills and castoroil or sweet oil to follow. Constipation is the cause of many acute attacks of neuralgia. Indigestion, bad air and worry, care or overwork may be traced as causes of every case of chronic neuralgia. Search house, cellar and yard for every lurking decay which makes the air impure; lie down and rest often, if you cannot sleep. Eat the most nourishing food, like finely chopped raw beefsteak, lightly broiled, and beaten eggs stirred in while hot, eggs, wine and milk with nutmeg, whipped together, broth and eggs, plenty of apples and sweet cider, and new maple sugar or the hot syrup, which is a wonderful blood purifier. Instead of sitting by the stove next time your face aches, "Aunt Axie," lie down on a warm pillow on a lounge by the window, shut your eyes and let the sun shine on your poor face as long as you can bear it, and repeat the prescription as often as you can. I have just read of a case in Europe which was cured by exposing the patient's naked back to the sun for hours each day. The soothing effect of sunshine on the spine in nervous disease is like a magic hand. You ought to wear red flannel next the skin from throat to feet; the stimulated skin will relieve the head. The safe cure of boiling water poured on fine clean wood ashes, allowed to cool, strained and drank warm would, doubtless, do you good.

SUSAN POWER.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Mahone in the Senate—He Speaks for Himself—Senate Organization.

Correspondence of the Blade.

WASHINGTON, March 18.

The situation in the Senate has occupied public attention almost exclusively for several days. But since the sharp conflict on Monday, the victory seems to have been virtually conceded to the Republicans.

The Democrats have not forgotten the gross blunders of the extra session, and since then the fiat of the caucus has not been so absolute as it was, and the crack of the party whip does not always bring the members into line. In fact, the caucus has more frequently been a failure than a success, and he cling'down has been the rule rather than the exception. In this case, as in others, the Democrats had determined in the caucus to push the organization of the Senate with the advantage was on their side, and when the seats of four Republican Senators were vacant. When Mr. Pendleton opened the ball on Monday with a fair spoken and plausible argument in favor of immediately proceeding to the appointment of the committees. The trap was all set for making a sure thing of the Democratic Senate. But the assertion of Mr. Conkling that the Republicans had a constitutional majority which would be made apparent as soon as the Senate was full, produced a degree of alarm on the Democratic side, and Mahone's vote for going into executive session instead of going on with the organization is vote with the Republicans. In this crisis the alarm and brought Senator Hill to his feet as the whipper-in of the party, who proceeded to move that remarkable half-begging speech which has been so largely copied by the newspapers.

The speech was caustic, malignant and insulting, but the Republicans bore it manfully, because they could not help seeing that if Mahone had any idea of going with the Republicans Hill's attempt to whip him back would be exactly the thing to send him there. He was a bold and dashing leader in the war and doesn't score worth a cent. Hence Hill's insinuations of treachery. His loud and boisterous questions as to whether "such a man was worthy of your association?" and "do you receive him with affection?" "Do you receive him with respect?" were well calculated to touch Mahone's pride and kindle his wrath. But he bore the infliction with an apparent emotion, and did not reply until he was recess.

In the meantime Sen. Hoar made a masterly vindication of the Virginia Senator, in which he took occasion to remind Mr. Hill that he was once elected as a Union man to a Georgia State Convention, and betrayed his constituents by voting for secession. He said it was the first time in the history of the country that a Senator undertook to fire the heart of a peer and gravely to turn him that if he did a certain thing it would be *degrading and treacherous*. No slave master, he said, should crack the plantation whip over American Senators in this Hall unrebuked. He could not see that Sen Mahone owed any allegiance to the party which Mr. Hill represented. The Legislature which elected him Senator was not a Democratic Legislature. It was a Legislature chosen by 51,000 Republican voters and 34,000 Readjuster votes, against 90,000 Bourbon Democratic votes; and the Virginia Senator comes here under no obligations to the gentleman from Georgia or his party. He was disgusted with the methods of the Bourbon Democracy and is determined to assert his independence of it.

But Sen. Mahone did not need to put his case in the hands of any champion. He is quite capable of taking care of himself, as he was not long in showing when the way was cleared for him to take the floor. He said: "The gentleman assumes not only to be the custodian of the Democratic party but of my constituents in Virginia." Then the little man the weighless than 100 lbs.) walked towards Mr. Hill as if about to give him battle, and said in a personal way: "Sir, I owe you nothing and I owe nothing to those for whom you speak. I do not come here to represent the Democracy for which you stand. I am not here as a partizan nor to represent the Democracy which has done so much injury to my section. Then turning to the Senate he continued: "The gentleman has undertaken to tell us what constitutes a Democrat. But, sir, I hold I am a better Democrat then he. I stand by a full vote, a fair vote and an honest count; and I serve notice on the gentleman that I shall be the custodian of my own Democracy. I do not intend to be run by the gentleman's caucus, but am in every sense a freeman, and trust that I shall be able to protect my own rights and those of the people that I represent. The gentleman has sought by all manner of insinuations, direct and indirect, to discover who the Democrat is that may choose to exercise his right to cast his vote against the dictation of a Bourbon caucus. He seems to have forgotten that I refused to take part in a caucus (The Virginia Democratic State Convention) which has not only waged war on me, but upon those that I represent. Yes, sir, you were duly notified that I took no part or lot in your political machinery and that I was supremely indifferent as to what you did. The gentleman has been chasing around this chamber on a pretense of finding out who the man is that will assert his opinions on this chamber free from the dictation of a Democratic caucus. I want him to know henceforth and forever that I am one who proposes to vindicate my own freedom against you and your caucus."

When Mahone sat down it was clear enough that little remained to be said. Mr. Hill made a public attempt to crawl out of his absurd position—hoped that he was not expected to make any reply to the "remarkable exhibition" which the Senate had witnessed—said he owed the gentleman no ill-will—he had not mentioned his name or State, and could only account for his speech on the principle that "a guilty conscience needs no accuser." He went on to talk magniloquently about Virginia and Washington, and Jefferson, and Mason, and Henry, etc., etc., and then said that none of them ever accepted a commission to represent one party and then represented another.

Mr. Mahone—Do I understand you correctly as saying that I accepted a commission from one party and came here to vote for another party?

Mr. Hill—I understood that you were elected as a Democrat.

Mr. Mahone (imperatively)—Answer my question.

Mr. Hill (with provoking coolness)—I say that you were elected a Democrat, and accepted your commission as a Democrat.

Mr. Mahone (persistently)—You said that I accepted a commission from one party, and came here to represent another party.

Mr. Hill (imperturbably)—I said that that will be the case if you vote with the Republicans. You have not done it yet, and I say you will not do it.

Mr. Mahone (impatiently)—I want to say (if it is not out of order here) that if the gentleman undertakes to make that statement, the statement is unwarranted and untrue.

Mr. Hill (composedly)—Was not the gentleman acting with the Democratic party, and was he not elected to that body as a Democrat? (With a fiercer tone) Answer that.

Mr. Mahone—Quickly, sir, quickly. I was elected as a Readjuster. Do you know what Readjusters are? [Applause and laughter on the Republican side.]

Mr. Hill—I understand that there are in Virginia "readjusting" Democrats and "debt-paying" Democrats; but, as I understand, they are both Democrats. We have nothing to do here with that issue. The question of the Virginia debt is not to be settled in this Chamber. I ask the Senator again, was he not elected to this national body as a member of the National Democratic party?

Mr. Mahone—No. Are you answered now?

The Independent party in the Senate is rather remarkable for its antagonisms. Sen. Davis professes to be a Republican, and comes from a Republican State, but votes with the Democrats. Sen. Mahone is charged with being a Democrat, and comes from a Democratic State, but refuses to be governed by a Democratic caucus. Sen. Davis shows his independence by voting for what he says he disapproves; Sen. Mahone declares his purpose to stand by his convictions. Sen. Davis is the weightiest man in the Senate, and Sen. Mahone is the lightest. Sen. Davis balances himself in his speech, and Sen. Mahone drives it directly at his mark, without doubt or equivocation. The independency of the one is a fancy, the independence of the other is a fact.

Sen. Mahone speaks earnestly and fluently. He does not scratch after his words, and does not appear to be embarrassed by his novel position, or by the presence and dignity of the Senate. He said he regretted that circumstances compelled him to speak before he had accustomed himself to the ways of the Senate, and that he should greatly prefer to listen and learn, but the occasion demanded prompt action.

Since Monday the Democrats have acted as if they expected to surrender. On Tuesday and Wednesday a feeble attempt was made to go on with the caucus program, but as soon as it was obvious that nothing could be done a motion for adjournment prevailed. Yesterday all the new Senators were present, duly qualified, except Mr. Fry, who was present with his credentials, as transmitted by telegraph; but as there was a disposition to question the validity of such credentials no attempt was made to go on with the organization. To-day the Senate will be full and the general expectation is that Mr. Mahone will vote with the Republicans and that a friend of his—a Readjuster—will be the new Sergeant-at-Arms. You will probably get all the facts before this reaches you.

The extra session looms up again and has strong advocates. It looks as if it would be called for May.

BUCKEYE.

Soldiers' Land Warrants.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

I see in your columns of the BLADE of February 16th, a letter from Joseph B. Crumbough, late Sergeant of Co. "C," 75th O. V. I., in regard to land warrants, by which the soldier who served in the late war should be entitled to 160 acres of Government land, and that the warrants should be made out and transferable. In the Indian Territory there are thousands of acres of land that our Boys to-day would be glad to get to make themselves homes. Still it lies there untouched, and hungry capitalists are watching it so that when it comes into market they will buy it up by the section before the poor soldier has a chance to even look at it but if each honorary soldier had a Land warrant, he could have some friend to locate his warrants for him and if he never had seen the land himself, his children could have the benefit of it, and that would be a good way to equalize the soldier's bounty. It would be something that they could not spend, and would deprive capitalists of the chance to buy up the land.

The reason why I know that the land is being watched is because I once made a short claim from the Government near Guthrie, Oklahoma, of 160 acres of land in Township 16 north, 2 west, and 1 west of Indian meridian also, let me tell you, but the Government gave a big strip of it to the Missouri River, Fort Scott & Gulf Rail Road Company, and, as known as the Joy land and there it lies unsettled, but if it was Government land some of the United States Volunteers might have homes.

Comrades let us hear from some of you through our friend the BLADE, and we may be able to get a bill before Congress that will help us.

SAMUEL FARIS.

Company "F" 36th, O. V. V. I.

Avola, Mo., March 14, 1881.

"Technically Deserters."

To the Editor of the Blade:

In your issue of the 3d inst., I find a communication over the signature of G. W. Fender, in defense of those so called "Technical Deserters." I have read said article carefully, and I think that G. W. F. has made a sad mistake, for instead of proving their innocence, he has clearly established their guilt. That it may not be supposed that I am defending the officers on account of being one of them, I will here say that I served nearly four years, as an enlisted man, that I have seen many hardships, and much of the so-called abuse of officers to men, but except in a very rare cases the abuse was well deserved. But let that pass, it has nothing to do with the case of the deserters now under consideration. In his defense G. W. F. sets up the conduct and forbearance of the company, to which he belonged, and offers an affidavit of the company officers to prove the same. We are not to suppose that the whole company deserted, and can not admit the acts of the company in defense of G. W. F. We are not trying the company. It is an individual matter of his own. He says that he has seen hard times, and been in close quarters, and that the company never shrunk from duty. He does not say that he was with the company. Why does he put so much stress on the word "company?" Why not set forth his own good qualities. Many a good and true company had one or more men in it that would disgrace a regiment. Let us take his own words on the acts of himself and those 34 who went with him, and for which act they are now branded deserters. He says that because they did not get their rations, that they started for their own State, living on what they could find, (i. e., steal,) and getting to Leavenworth, they gave up all property belonging to the United States, and reported for duty. Is not that a clear case of desertion? I have no doubt but that G. W. F. has seen hard times, and been in closer quarters than the rest of his company ever dreamed of, and I think that if he had been as good a soldier as he would have us believe, he would have known better than to blame his Colonel as he has done. The Colonel had no more right to draw the rations than G. W. F. had, and could not do it if he would. That was the duty of the commissary, and if he (the commissary) failed to do so, the fault lay with the company commander, for not seeing that it was done. G. W. Fender is on his own testimony convicted, and nothing he can plead in extenuation of his crime, can justify him in the course he took.

HONORABLY DISCHARGED.

Dubuque, Ia., March 10.

Edgar County, Ills.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

There is nothing in the shape of a weekly paper that has gained faster in circulation through this section of Illinois than the Toledo BLADE. Its high character has become so thoroughly recognized among the intelligent class of people, that they have promoted its use as a beacon light in every business or mechanical undertaking, and to farmers it is pronounced ne plus ultra. We feel so deeply interested in the welfare of our own County of Edgar, that we feel that it should receive note through its columns, so that its progress from time to time may be estimated and compared to other Counties in the State.

Edgar County is situated in the Eastern part of Illinois, and its population is about 30,000. Its area is 600 square miles. Paris is the County Seat. It is acknowledged to be the first in the production of grain of all kinds, and first in fine stock raising. On account of the early and continuous Winter there is an immense quantity of corn standing in the fields yet, and farmers feel that before they can gather it plow time will be at hand. We were bountifully blessed with an enormous harvest of wheat and oats in 1880, and the prospects for the coming wheat harvest are, at the present writing, very flattering. Fruit of all kinds in 1880 was beyond estimation, but Winter apples seemed to decay in a short time after they were stored. Perhaps some of the readers of the BLADE could enlighten us as to the cause of their early decay. Some claim that the crop was too large for the nourishment of the trees. Potatos were in equal supply with all other produce. The past Winter was very severe on all kinds of stock.

SUBSCRIBER.

Protest from Pennsylvania.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

In your issue of the 10th inst., you seemingly allude to the people of Bedford Co. Pa., not getting to Washington to the inauguration saying, "the inauguration was not postponed." I want to say here, that I am a Bedford Co. Pa., man; and we rejoiced as much over James A. Garfield's election, and did as much to secure his election, and are as zealous in the cause of Republicanism, and furnished as many soldiers in the late war, and lost as many brave men in that war as any County in Ohio of equal population. And in view of these facts we cannot allow unjust insinuations from any source, for we love our County as fervently as the people of Lucas County, Ohio, can possibly love theirs.

J. E. SATTERFIELD.

Cooldale, Bedford Co. P., March 14.

IOWA GRAIN.

Some Discouraging Reports.

CHICAGO, March 18.—The news from Iowa is discouraging to those who have expected a big supply of corn in that State of the last crop. Vast quantities have been used for fuel, and a largely increased quantity for feeding, owing to the unusual severity of the Winter, and in addition to that it is feared that a great deal is lost. More was left standing in the fields than ordinary, and the storms have beaten it down, leaving it to be covered up in the frozen slush, which will undoubtedly prevent a great deal from being merchantable.

Of course there is corn left, and so much of it as to leave no danger of a corn famine; but it also diminishes the danger of a corn glut, which was feared by some. It now looks as if there would not be much old corn left in the West by the time the next crop is ready to use, and it may be more scarce six months hence than at the same date in any previous year since the war.

A letter from Missouri says that there is not in that State the sign of a single rod of damaged wheat. It is all looking well, and plenty of ocean tonnage can be procured at New Orleans at a little over rates from New York and Baltimore.

H. C. Stillman has compiled a statement showing that during the last six months of 1880 Canada sent 7,459,650 bushels of barley to the United States, the same being more than in any previous 12 months ending with June. The total shipments of barley from Canada to the United States during the last 10 crop years were 39 829,322 bushels.

THE MISSOURI LAND SWINDLES.

How the Investigation was First Instigated.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—The investigation which led to the exposure of the alleged land swindle in Missouri and the arrest of Robert L. Lindsay at St. Louis, and of other alleged land swindlers at Cleveland and Pitusburg, was instigated by a letter received by Sec. Schurz more than a year ago. This letter stated that Lindsay, whose father had once been in charge of the land office at Ironton, Mo., had in his possession one or two boxes filled with United States land patents which were certainly genuine, although Lindsay might have obtained them by questionable means. The writer of the letter alleged that Lindsay kept these boxes concealed and had queer dealings with queer people. The writer, who professed to be a friend to Secretary Schurz, suggested in conclusion it might be well to look into the matter. The Secretary secured Special Agent D. P. Terrill, of the Treasury Department to investigate the matter. The result was the arrest of Lindsay and several other persons. It is believed at the Land Office that the ring have obtained fraudulent land titles to more than 1,000,000 acres of public lands, the most of which they have sold to innocent settlers who have therefore no valid title to the land they occupy. The Government officials say it rests with the Secretary of the Interior and the Attorney General to decide whether civil suits shall be begun at once to vacate the titles to these lands. It is believed that whatever is determined upon it will be so arranged that the blow shall not fall too heavily upon the thousands of duped settlers, whose hitherto undisputed titles to their homes has been rendered invalid by this exposure.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

He Wants to go to the North Pole.

NEW YORK, March 11.—Among the stories that are current here is this: That James Gordon Bennett is seriously contemplating an Arctic expedition. Larry Jerome, who is in Europe with him, has recently written to a friend that, while Bennett is enjoying himself greatly as a master of a hunt somewhere in England, yet he is very depressed and anxious over the Arctic expedition which he equipped and sent out in the name of the Herald. He conceives it to be his duty to fit out another expedition in search of the lost one, and to take command of it himself. He has already telegraphed to stop work upon the new yacht he contemplated building in this country, and thinks that the money he proposed to expend in that way shall be devoted to the building of a vessel constructed with a view to encountering the ice of the Northern seas. Already he has had some interviews with Scotch shipbuilders on the subject. Therefore the news that Bennett has seriously entered upon this new project may be expected at any time. It is characteristic of Bennett that execution follows closely upon the heels of conception.

Blaine After Spain.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—Sec. Blaine will shortly take under consideration the correspondence that has been going on for some time between this country and Spain relative to outrages committed on American merchant vessels in the West Indies. He will handle the business with the same vigor that has characterized his treatment of the swine disease question, and will no doubt quicken the movement of the Spanish Dons to ward a speedy adjustment of our claims. There is evidently to be no more slow coach business in the Department of State. Instructions to the Monetary Commissioners recently appointed on the part of the United States, are being prepared at the Department of State, and will be ready to present to the Commissioners prior to their leaving for Paris.

47 THE WORLD MUSICAL ALBUM. 47 Pieces of Popular Music for 21 CTS.

We have secured an immense stock of choice Music at extraordinary low figures and at the price at which we have determined to dispose of it, it is the greatest bargain ever offered the Musical public.

The Collection is composed of Vocal and Instrumental pieces full sheet music size, which if bought separately in the Music stores would cost over

FOURTEEN DOLLARS.

They are nicely bound in book form, and the entire lot will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of seven three cent stamps (21 cts.,) or THREE LOTS FOR FIFTY CENTS.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 120 Nassau St., New York.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

The Probabilities are that There Will be One.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—A Democratic Senator asked the President to-day if there would be an extra session of Congress. The President did not answer positively, but the Senator says he intimated in language not to be mistaken that an extra session will be called. The President also gave Sunset Cox to understand that the calling of the extra session had been determined upon. Republican Senators all agreed to-day that the session will be called, and several of them said the proclamation will be issued next Wednesday.

The best informed say Congress will be convened in May so as to give time for special elections to fill vacancies in Maine and New York. Morton, it is understood, will not go to France until after the extra session meets. This would leave only Fernando Wood's vacancy to be filled in New York.

The report reached the Democratic leaders that Cornell would not call an election this spring, thus preventing the election of a Democrat in Wood's place. The Democrats communicated with Gov. Plaisted, of Maine, and it is reported that he has assured them that he will not order an election to fill Frye's place until one is ordered in New York to fill Wood's.

The Democratic Senators say there has never been any difference of opinion in their caucusses on the question of resisting a change of Senate officers, that the only differences were as to the plan of procedure. They are apparently determined to filibuster against any change. Two Republican Senators are absent and Anthony is confined to his room with a severe attack of rheumatism, reducing the vote of that side to 36, three short of a quorum. If an extra session be called however the indications are the Democrats will then submit to new officers.

SATURDAY'S STORM.

The Most Severe of the Season.

CHICAGO, March 21.—Dispatches from Clinton, Iowa; El Passo, Ill.; Genoa, Decatur, St. Charles and many other points throughout the Northwest indicate that the storm of Saturday was by far the most severe of the season, the snowfall being from 12 to 18 inches, heavy, damp and closely packed, and in many places drifted badly. At Clinton four passenger trains arrived from the West at 4 o'clock, and will be compelled to remain until this afternoon, when it is thought the roads will be open to Chicago.

The long freight blockade and the impossibility of making shipments, forces a continued suspension of all mills and factories and makes a serious stagnation of business throughout the Northwest, as well as the fuel famine and other hardships.

GAS LIGHT COMPANY SCARE.

Afraid of the Electric Light.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—The Washington Gas Light Company has taken a scare on account of the probability of competition with electric light. In a report prepared for transmission to Congress, in obedience to an order, they make the following statement: "The probable near approach of the advent of the electric light for street and house illumination has seriously affected the value of gas-works property, and its final success must cause the owners of the same still further injury. Should it render their property almost valueless, under these circumstances the Board of Directors of this Company have deemed it a duty to the stockholders they represent to prepare for this contingency, and they have retained and invested a cash balance of $650,000, to be held in reserve to enable the Company to make such additions to their works as will allow them to reduce the price of gas to its lowest point.

This is the first time a gas company has officially admitted the possibility of dangerous competition from any other source than the sun and moon.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Comments of the London Standard.

LONDON, March 19.—The Standard says: We have good grounds for saying the Ambassadors will make a proposal that the porte shall cede not only Crete, but Thessaly and perhaps a strip of Epirus. War is almost inevitable in consequence of the diffident attitude of Austria and Germany. We have the best reasons to believe the powers informally notified both Greece and Turkey, that the latter will not be permitted to send ships to Greek waters.

Died from His Injuries.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., March 19.—Last Sunday a reprobate named West Hopkins was standing in front of Cass & Co.'s drug store at Mishawaka when two little girls came along and tried to get in. Hopkins saw that one of the girls had 15 cents in her hand, and said he would go to the back door and get what she wanted. After getting the money he ran off. Some young men who heard of the theft were so incensed at it and a long line of petty crimes of which Hopkins was guilty, that they went to his mother's house and made him return the money. They then gave him a terrible beating, tied a rope around his body, and were about to duck him in the river, when parties interceded, and they let him off on his promising to leave Town. Yesterday afternoon Hopkins died, and it is alleged from the ill treatment he received. Several of his assailants ran off to avoid arrest. Four others were apprehended and brought to this City this afternoon. Their cases will be investigated by the Grand Jury on Monday.

OWING to extensive changes and repairs in our warerooms, we will for a short time sell for cash any and all Pianos and Organs at special low prices. We have Steinway's, Weber's, Boardman & Gray's, Mathushek's, Fischer's and Hooken Pianos, and the Celebrated Palace Organs, comprising a stock of over 500 new and second hand instruments. Now is the time to avail yourself of a rare opportunity. Interested buyers should write for our net cash prices.

WHITNEY & CURRIER,
111 Summit street, Toledo, O.

Pianos and Organs.

In another column our readers will observe the announcement of Whitney & Currier, of this City, who offer at reduced prices their stock of Pianos and Organs. This firm we know to be reliable, and as they keep nothing in stock but first class instruments, it is worth the while of everybody wanting anything in their line to open correspondence with them.

Cheap Music.

We are assured by a very reliable gentleman, in whose word we place great confidence, that the cheap music advertised by the World Manufacturing Co. in another column, is no humbug. Although it seems cheap, the idea of 47 pieces of sheet music bound in book form, mailed to any address for 21 cents, still we have faith to believe this advertisement will get the value of their money.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Buy the Genuine Dr. Ricord's Restorative Pills.

This celebrated French remedy is a Specific for Exhausted Vitality, Loss of Memory, and Nervous Debility. Approved by the Academy of Medicine of Paris, and each physicians as Sir H. Thompson, Dr. Blanchard, Dr. Chevalier, Dr. Portgord and others, and the great chemist Liebig. 8 vials of 20, $1.20; boxes of 100, $2.25, or 200, $5; of 40, $3. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Each box of the genuine has the signature of R. L. DeLisle, No. 28 Peckman street, New York. Sole agent for the United States and Canada. See fac-simile of Dr. Ricord's letter, published in this paper March 17.

47 CHOICE PIECES MUSIC! WITH COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC FREE!

We will send the ILLUSTRATED LITERARY GUEST, a mammoth Family Story Paper, filled with bright and sparkling serial and short stories, sketches, poems, puzzles in fact everything to amuse and delight the whole family circle. We want 50,000 new readers for our Paper immediately and in order to obtain them and introduce it into every home in the Union where it is not a regular visitor, we are now making the following extraordinary offer: We will send the LITERARY GUEST the price of which is $1 per year, free for the next four months, to all who will send us 18 cents in postage stamps to pay postage upon the paper for that length of time, and to help pay the cost of this advertisement, and to each person we will send free, 47 Choice Pieces of Music 24 beautiful Songs, and 23 charming Instrumental Pieces by the best American and foreign composers. These are printed on good paper and full size, no such offer has ever before been made by any publisher. The usual price of sheet music is 15 cents per piece; at that price the above 47 pieces would cost $6.55. The high cost of music is due to the few sold of each piece and the large discount made to dealers. We make this offer simply to introduce the GUEST, we merely ask the small sum of 18 cents to pay postage, etc. Never was so great an opportunity offered! Do not miss it. Address, CHASE & CO., Drawer 970, Westboro, Mass.

A Sacrilegious Attempt.

MILWAUKEE, March 21.—Last night burglars made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to get away with the communion service of All Saints' Episcopal cathedral, corner of Division and Marshall streets. They broke in one of the magnificent stained glass windows on the west side of the church and gained an entrance. They then proceeded to ransack the building in search of the communion service, which, however, was not in the church, being kept elsewhere. They had about succeeded in packing up the candlesticks, but were evidently frightened into a hasty departure, as they took nothing with them. The window, which is damaged to the extent of $250, was reached from a snowdrift.

The Mormon Congressman.

CHEYENNE, March 19.—In a reported interview with Cannon, the Mormon delegate to Congress, Cannon expresses confidence in his ultimate victory over Campbell. He says that all the lawyers and Congressmen of Washington agree that he can't be kept out of the seat. The idea was suggested that the next House being Republican, would keep him out in the cold, he said he had more to hope for from a Republican House, because the Republicans abhorred the principle which sought to unseat him. As to Gov. Murray's visit to Mentor several days before the Inauguration, and the announcement that Garfield endorsed Murray's action, Cannon said he had it from good authority that Garfield did not approve the giving of the certificate to Campbell.

The St. Louis Barge Route.

ST. LOUIS, March 19. — Negotiations have been pending

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Hours Troubles.

IV.

There are some homes which seem to have a chronic funereal atmosphere. The moment you step inside the door, no matter how bright the sunshine is without, how fragrant the air, how full of life and light and beauty the world appears, the closing door shuts it all away from you. The demon of melancholy seems brooding over everything. There may be books and pictures; luxurious furniture, perhaps,—at least what is more than comfortable,—and yet the bright, attractive look that speaks of home is wanting. You almost expect to hear the solemn-looking rooms break out into some such lugubrious hymn as that one beginning "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound," and you feel like perpetually listening to see if "our departed brother or sister" is not about to be eulogized. There appears to be absolutely nothing cheery and inspiriting within doors.

You can all think of some such homes, and can recall the weary discontented face of the wife, the restless gloom of the husband. The children, too, are not happy and bright, as children should be. Smiles and laughter are left outside. There is a sort of repression in their young faces, a lowering of the voices as they come within which sometimes is almost painful.

What is the matter, do you ask? Good mother, conscientious wife, it is largely your fault. You have allowed little cares and worries to weigh upon you until your life is a burden. Instead of looking for the silver lining to the clouds that sometimes came in those early days into your domestic horizon, you kept the dark side towards you and they deepened in intensity until they have settled down seemingly for aye upon your heart and home. Yes, you have tried to do your duty, but you have made the effort too prominent. It has appeared to your husband as if you regretted giving up your freedom to assume so many cares. He has fretted and chafed under this growing conviction, growing as you became more gloomy and miserable, and home has ceased to be attractive. He finds his pleasure elsewhere, and you sit alone nursing your grief and wondering why your lot is so miserable. You do not fret, but no less you wear the air of a martyr, and even your little children feel that something is wrong—they know not what—only that the world outside is brighter and merrier than the home within. Their healthy young appetites need to be satisfied, else from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same you would hardly see their faces, unless under the stress of a command. It is their nature to seek sunlight instead of shadow.

Of course you are not aware that this grey shadow is one of your own creating, and perhaps no words of ours can make you see it. But if you could only realize that while

"Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary,"

yet there is more sunshine than gloom if you will only turn towards it you would be far happier. Do not dwell upon sorrows or vexations that cannot be helped. They lose half of their sting when greeted with a smile. It is this perpetual worry, this rebellion against what is, and fear of what may be, that has clouded your home, turned your husband's and children's hearts away from you, and bids fair to make a terrible wreck of your future. Get every pleasure out of the passing days that you can seize, and by and by they will multiply beyond all your dreams.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

"That Poor, Energetic, Ambitious Woman."

I wonder how the members of THE HOUSEHOLD like "Susan Power's" letter in the BLADE of February 10? I don't like it at all. A sensitive woman, whose words have the ring of tone and noble womanhood, asks a little information of a more favored sister about getting some manuscripts into market, and see how cruelly she is snubbed, and accused of "heaping a reproach of incapacity against her husband." Do her words imply a reproach? She says: "We are homesteaders in the far West. Husband has gone from home to get work." Nay, rather do they not imply a willingness on the part of her husband to sacrifice, toil, and provide for his loved ones? I think so. Must she stand back because the market is crowded? Because others may be more skilled, must she have no shadow of a chance? She may have a mission to perform with her pen. Her words may be the very ones that these Western toilers need. It is not always the most skilful writers that reach the hearts and better the lives of their readers.

Would not a genuine sketch of the lights and shadows of a Western homesteader's life be of more value to the many toilers of THE HOUSEHOLD than the very long letter from the very virtuous judge of who shall write on house furnishing in the BLADE of Jan. 17? I think to some it would be vastly more interesting, at least. Because she has an intuition that she might do something with her pen, does it imply that she sets little value upon home ties, or fails in duty to her family, or undermines her health by unwise toil, I for one, think that it redounds to her credit that she aspires to literary attainments amid the privations of a western home. At any rate we may rest assured that unless her productions have strong merits, she will never compete with successful writers, for it is not the nameless writers who get more than they deserve. Should like to hear others of THE HOUSEHOLD express an opinion. MRS. C. E. BERGH.

Snedesgrah, Iowa.

Most of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD will remember to what the above letter refers. We wish we could print such in season, but with the amount of communications received constantly it is impossible.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Some Frank Admissions.

By way of introduction to THE HOUSEHOLD, I will tell you that my name is ANN ILLITERATE RUSTIC. I live in the great Red River Valley that the Northwestern people advertise so loudly. I have not had much society here; have lived so long with not much else to do, that I can read quite easily, and write a letter comfortably.

I always read THE HOUSEHOLD, and wish so much that I could write, too. Then something whispers, "try it," and I look over one article and then another, and note the big words and bigger thoughts, and the carefully punctuated sentences, and think it will be useless to make an attempt.

It must be real happiness to know as much as most of you do, and write so beautifully about dancing, kissing, sitting up, etc. I read all about "Woman's Rights" and voting, and I am interested in both, especially the right to do just as we please—as I understand it.

But then of course I should vote just as John (that is my husband's name) does. He knows all about politics. I don't get much time to read such matters and if I did, I should get them mixed. I wanted Gen. Grant for President, because everybody where he went thought him so nice; but John says it did not belong to him, and of course he knows best.

One of my neighbors wants women to vote for he has his mother and two sisters living with him and his wife and two daughters, so that he could control seven votes. Wouldn't it make a difference if all the men could take their womenfolks to election?

Will some one write all about what is proper for dinner parties, how to arrange the table and what to have for each course?

Now please don't say oyster soup; but something quite as nice for the first course. ANN ILLITERATE RUSTIC.

Red River Valley, Dakota.

Live Within Your Means.

Susan Power's letter on "Homely Matters," some time ago commended itself very strongly to my way of thinking. In these days of "keeping up appearances," when one boldly says that they intend to live within their income, without regard to market men or servant girls, they certainly show a spirit of independence, which it is a pity more do not possess. There are so many people who feel that it lowers them in the opinion of grocerymen, to buy a small quantity of any thing or a cheap article. As for me I expect to pay for what I buy, and I do not propose buying 10 cents worth of anything if I only want five, or white sugar if I want brown.

I remember, when I was at school, hearing a girl speak of some one who had sent by her for some note paper, and the quantity was so small that she was ashamed to ask for it; said she always bought more even if she did not need it.

I have always observed that grocery men and most other people of means seldom scorn small sums, even to taking the extra half cent three or four times in figuring up a bill of groceries. In fact, it is this fear of "they say" that is the bane of many American homes to-day. The great majority of our people dislike very much to be considered poorer than their neighbors. To be thought quite as good as anyone else is an American characteristic, and one not to be despised; but this measuring oneself and friends by the elegance of their costume or their lavish expenditures, is greatly to be deplored. If our children were only taught that character, not wealth, make the man or woman, and that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," it seems to me that we might avert for the rising generation some of the evils which we see in the present one, arising from an undue regard for wealth, and the importance which it gives one. When one sees such examples as we have had in the last 15 years when men who have stood high in the opinion of the Nation, and who have become complete wrecks through their extravagance or that of their families, it is quite time that mothers took the matter in hand, and made an earnest effort to teach their daughters, as well as their sons, that to live beyond one's means is actual dishonesty. ELIZA HOWE.

Annuals for Bouquets.

A few days since I received the following: "I raise flowers because I love them; am too poor to own any rare or very choice varieties. Last Summer I found a market for all I could spare; next Summer I want to be able to meet the demand. Please give the names of a few of the best flowering annuals, adapted for bouquets. Your letters to the BLADE are highly prized by one who tries to make a poor home lovely with these God given beauties,—flowers. Oh, how could I get along on ten shillings a day, pay rent, supply seven mouths with food, seven backs with clothes without my flowers? They cheer me, inspire me with courage, they speak to me in the language of heaven, and tell of a brighter life to come. My girls can sell more than enough next Summer to buy school books and other things."

I am inclined to believe that this earnest, working woman and her girls will make successful florists if they but persevere. I remember a somewhat parallel case which occurred years ago, back East. A widow was left with an only son, utterly unable to see any way in which to obtain a livelihood. Her husband had been a great flower lover, and in the garden were many of them in bloom. While she was turning over in her mind what she would do, a neighbor came in and asked permission to get some flowers from the garden. The widow consented, and was shortly tendered a dollar in payment, which she said she could not conscientiously take, believing the flowers had no pecuniary worth; the neighbor, however, convinced her that the greenhouse man might have asked perhaps two dollars for the same amount of flowers, so she took the money, and, as Sam Slick says, "added a wrinkle to her horn." She had found out how to support herself and her boy. But she knew nothing of how to grow the flowers, so she hunted over her late husband's library, found a few volumes of the *Agriculturist* and kindred works, and, while gathering knowledge from them she was all the while selling, perhaps, a few Pansies or Asters or Mignonette. After a while a gentleman florist became interested in her energy and gave her many interesting hints, and when some months later she found herself possessed of the insurance on her late husband's life, she, with the advice of the florist, erected a greenhouse, and managed it so successfully, that at last accounts she had seven or eight of them.

So it is with my correspondent; let her begin with such seeds as Asters, Pinks, Candytuft, Pansies, Ageratum, Mignonette and Asparuls, which are all very easily grown. Then, as she acquires more knowledge of the arts which govern the successful cultivation of more choice varieties, add them to her store.

The varieties I have named embrace a wide range of colors, and there are some fragrant annuals among them. With the exception of Mignonette, which is a hardy annual, they should be sown in shallow boxes of light rich soil, in March and April. Keep the seed box moist but not wet until the seeds start, then put them in the window and give air for an hour or two on pleasant days. When the weather has become settled set the plants out in the beds prepared for them.

I still get requests for two or three plants which I offered some little time ago. It did not take but one day to give away all I had, so rapidly were they spoken for; but to every applicant I have sent several packages of seeds, which I hope was satisfactory.

Several other questions must wait until my next letter, as I am sure this is long enough, where there are so many to be heard. R. RENNIE.

Ainsworth, Iowa.

From Iowa.

Grit and ambition are qualities very essential for any young lady to possess, whether she contemplates the idea of remaining single, or intending at some future time to enjoy double-blessedness.

And I think that it depends very much on the way children are raised and taught at home, whether they like to work or not. I have known people who think and teach their children that it is low and degrading to make one's living by manual labor, especially when a person hires out, and is under some one's command.

A good many young men in this part of Iowa have farms and homes of their own, which they have earned by the sweat of their brows, but women are so scarce here that there are not enough to go around, and some of them do their own cooking and washing.

We young men out here know full well that we are better off without a wife, than if we should happen to join with one who would run around and go visiting nearly half of the time, and leave her man to do his own cooking, and then come home and sit with folded arms in the rocking chair, or play the organ, the remainder of the time.

I don't want THE HOUSEHOLD to think that my idea is that a wife should be a slave to a man. There is reason in everything, and most anything can be carried to extremes. I give a girl credit if she refuses to marry a boy who has poor prospects of ever getting a home of his own. And I also think it does not hurt a girl to marry an energetic and industrious young man, and help him to earn a home, for then she will know what it is worth and how to appreciate it. Many girls are not willing to begin keeping house in a humble way, as our mothers and grandmothers did. Some want to commence where their mother's left off, and sometimes are scarcely satisfied with that. My father has a nice and good farm but that does not keep me from working. I do not depend upon my father or mother for any help. I worked for my father until I was 20 years old, then he sent me to college one term, and and after that I hoed my own row. I can say that I am proud of the fact that I was taught to work. I was raised on the farm, and know all about farming, and am aiming to make farming my permanent occupation. When I started out for myself, I worked on the farm in the Summer time and taught school in the Winter, and have also worked some at the carpenter and mason trades, and painting. I also know how to cook, wash, and can do housework in general.

OBSERVER.

Emerson, Mills Co., Iowa.

Not Enough to Go Around.

I take this opportunity to do good. There is no place more in need of it than Eastern Washington, which is comparatively a new country, and like all new countries, it has an overplus of modest, discreet bachelors. Not bachelors from choice but from necessity, as young men push out into a new country to seek their fortunes and afterwards launch out on the sea of matrimonial felicity. Now I don't mean to say that there are no marriageable ladies in this country. No! not by any means, but there is not enough to go around. There is no excuse for a lady not marrying well, for she has all the chances that heart could wish for. Scarce a man but what is proprietor of from 320 to 400 acres of as rich and productive land as can be found anywhere, well improved and some have large herds of stock. There is but one thing lacking to make their new home seem home-like and attractive. Just imagine a man trying to farm without a helpmate to rule his house. Common sense dictates that it should not be so. Even School Districts are embarrassed for lack of families.

Society is good the settlers having come from almost every State in the Union and they are an enterprising, industrious class of people. Churches and school houses are dispensed among the people. Secret societies are numerous.

Women are allowed to exercise the elective franchise on all school questions, and to hold office under the school laws. There is no country where women's rights are more respected than in this. Their are numerous ways for women to make an honest living, all kinds of labor being well remunerated. Any that are desirous of emigrating to this country or desire information concerning it we would cheerfully recommend to the Columbia *Chronicle* or the Pataha City *Spirit* or you may address,

REX

Pataha City, Columbia Co., Wash. T.

We give THE HOUSEHOLD the benefit of the above letter, but wish it distinctly understood that no letters addressed to "Rex" need be sent to this office to be forwarded for we shall destroy the real name as soon as the article is in print. Our experience after the publication of "Marion's" "Not Enough to Go Around" was simply terrible. We have not recovered from it yet, and do not want another of the kind.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

A Bachelor Speaks.

I am glad to see another lady writer in defense of "Marian."

For myself I could see nothing unwomanly in her ideas, as she seemed to me to suggest another means of solving the problem of equalizing the distribution of the sexes throughout the United States, and of satisfying the natural desires of the sexes each to find one of his or her opposite for a congenial companion.

An attempt was made in this direction by a philosophic gentleman about 12 years ago who brought out 120 young women to San Francisco. They all found suitable employment in California, and within four years became the matrons of happy homes.

I, myself, am an "old bachelor," and of course view the matter from a gentleman's point of view.

There is Oregon: According to the last census, there are 20,000 more men than women, and although this deficiency will be supplied in time, it is obvious that there must be a large proportion of unmated men in the community for quite a long period.

The next State political question will be that of "woman suffrage," as a year and a half from now the people will be called upon to decide at the polls whether woman shall or shall not be allowed the privilege of voting. I have for a long time been an advocate woman's suffrage, on the principle of giving all an equal chance in every respect—male or female, and of "the survival of the fittest."

With the majority of our sex that we have at present we men need not fear any rivalry in the control of the public offices, though of course there will be exceptions. As an example of the latter, in a neighboring County a lady makes a very acceptable County School Superintendent.

If any one cares to hear more from this land of high mountains, big trees, swift rivers and warm wet winters, I am open to a few correspondents.

"TILICUM."

Oregon City, Oregon.

Sick Headaches.

I would like to say to the lady afflicted with sick headaches, that if the trouble arises from a disordered stomach, she may find relief by taking charcoal. Get the pulverized willow-bark charcoal. Take half a teaspoonful every morning for a week, and watch the effect. But if the headaches are periodical, or are brought on by over-exertion, or appear like neuralgia, she may need different treatment. If she or others similarly affected will drop me a line giving symptoms fully, I may be able to suggest a remedy that will be of benefit.

A good wash for the head, which will remove dandruff and prevent the hair from falling off, is made as follows: Put two tablespoonsful of sulphur into a quart of warm rain water. As it will not readily dissolve it must be shaken several times daily for a week or so, when it will settle to the bottom. Pour off this liquid from the sulphur and add to it three tablespoonsful of glycerine, when it is ready to use. Apply to the scalp at least once a day.

The lady afflicted with eruption on the face should bathe frequently with salt water, occasionally using clear water, with about a tablespoonful of ammonia. The bath should be taken in a warm room, with the water of the same temperature of the room. Put a teaspoonful of soda in a pint of soft water and bathe the face with this several times daily. Perhaps the lady requires an internal remedy to purify the blood. ALCYONE.

Box 46, St. Charles, Mich.

Expressions of Opinion.

Joseph M. Kerfoner, Waterville, Kan., writes this of his locality.

"As for farming and stock raising we have a County that is unsurpassed by any in the State. One man with a good team can cultivate 60 acres of corn, which yields from 60 to 80 bu. per acre, and sells from 24 to 30 cts. per bu., and grains of all kinds yield abundantly. We have good railroad advantages, the C. B. U. P. R. R. running through the southern part of the County, and the St. Joseph & Denver through the north. We have fine villages; churches, school houses, and mills. But the greatest fault I find with this County is scarcity of timber, there being none except along the streams and what is planted by farmers, but there is plenty of good stone for building and fencing purposes. There is also a great deal of hedge planted which will turn stalk in three years. The Winter here has been very cold and severe so far. Cold weather set in about the 1st of November, and has continued so up to the present time, the thermometer ranging from 20° to 30° below zero. The oldest settlers say it is the coldest Winter ever experienced in this country.

"Band Boy," Strout, Ill., says:

"Only to think, that man with dirty face and uncombed hair, who can not read or write, is to make laws to govern our loved ones. Compare such a man with the bright face of your mother and sister, and say, 'Man is a superior being, all things must obey him.'

What do the members of THE HOUSEHOLD think of lady musicians in a band? Do they think it looks too much like woman's rights? Is it wrong for a lady to wear a gentleman's ring when they are not engaged?"

Ella L. Hoyt, West Liberty, Iowa, says:

"I think a great deal of old ballads. Can any one send me "The Indian Student," "Barbara Allen;" also the song "The Taxation of North America?" My father used to sing those songs but his books with them in became lost. He used to live in Silver Lake Township in the Northern part of Pennsylvania, and there were a great many of those books in that part of the country. If any one has those songs and will send me their address, I will send them postage to pay for the sending of them by mail."

C. F. Himstedt, Blue Mound, Ill., sends some health hints of which we can only give a few because they were written on both sides of the paper:

"It is easier to keep one's health than to regain it when once lost. And yet on this point how careless and negligent some people are. There are a few rules which will commend themselves at once to every one's common sense, and need but to be recalled to be more generally observed. Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten. Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold air. Keep the back, especially in the shoulder blade, well covered, and the chest also well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet; always warm them by the fire 10 or 15 minutes before going to bed. After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment, for it is dangerous to health and even to life."

"B.," La Plata, Mo., writes:

"Why not educate the girls for usefulness, as well as boys? The same independent feeling, the same ambitious desires dwell in one as the other. All the women feel the same anxious hoping and longing for something to do to make money. Then why try to quench the feelings in our girls? There is not enough practical knowledge taught in our schools to-day, notwithstanding the 'system is perfect.' The children are not taught to think—to apply what they simply memorize. I am anxiously waiting, hoping and praying for the time to come when the women will be heard all over our broad and beautiful land—heard to some purpose—at the ballot-box for instance. And we must educate ourselves, with the aid of our 'better halves,' for the time, so we may know how and why, and for whom we vote."

"D. W. Forrester," Prospect, Pa., says:

"One question has not been answered since I commenced reading the BLADE, *i. e.*, What would you marry for; is it not to get a companion and a home; a place you love above all others on this earth, and one you can share your joys and sorrows with? Now, I say for all those who are so fastidious, never marry at all, then they will not get disappointed, for above all other bargains it is one that is hard to break. Then the best advice is for every one to do as they please—listen to no person."

"O. E. H.," Grey Eagle, Minn., writes:

"We live, breathe and move and have our being the same as anywhere, despite the three feet of snow that mantles the earth. We are in the south central part of Minnesota, and live in what is known as the Big Woods of Minnesota. The country is very new, with plenty of wild land, and the very best of timber. The country is interspersed with beautiful clear lakes with gravel and sand bottoms and swarming with nice fish, and in the Spring and Fall countless myriads of wild ducks frequent them."

Mrs. James G. Shafler, Ills., says of geese picking:

"I would say to 'G. R.' I am well acquainted with the art of geese picking, having been raised on a farm and helped pick them; then I kept them myself since I've had a wa haim a my sin.' They should never be picked after the first of November until the first of April, then if they are kept near a stream of water they can be picked every month and a half until the next November. I think it is cruel to pick them in the winter, unless they are kept in a very warm place."

"Lover of Light," Tiffin, O., writes of Temperance:

"Friends of THE HOUSEHOLD, this subject cannot be worn thread bare until more is accomplished. Let us hear from some of you in regard to Local Option—it's effect, in case the bill is passed. I had great hope in this movement until I saw the type had been set against it in the BLADE."

"F. H. D." Steuben Co. N. Y. says:

"I which to say to 'Irene,' of Andover, Vt., that we would like to hear from you up there. Tell us of your farm life, please, and anything also of interest. I am interested in these Household chats, and anything from beautiful old New England is of double value."

"Mizpah," Stewartson, Ill., writes:

"If many more of our sex would be more self-reliant, probably there would not be so many "Old Maids."

"Nebraskian" says:

"K. Z." had in his mind the old time proverb "Evil communications corrupt, etc." and fears the effect upon woman. To carry out that idea I fear would make sad works. Let us see; to vote is degrading, therefore voters are degraded, woman must not vote because she will be obliged to associate with degraded politicians. "By the same token" as the Irishman would say, she must not leave her high "plane" to marry, for in hundreds of cases she never could get back again because of that terrible clog, a degraded voter, to whom she is securely bound for life."

"Tom Boy" writes of intemperance:

"If you lower yourselves enough to become intoxicated you lower yourselves below the brutes, for man has reasoning powers and a brute has not. If you do not respect your family and friends, for God's sake respect yourself."

"A Parent," among other good things in regard to country schools, says:

"Now, a few thoughts about a teacher being able to give an outline of "Ancient History," or to go into the details of it in a country school. I think it is crowding upon the minds of the scholars that which is in excess of their qualifications to receive, and is apt to cover up what will be useful for everyday life. Give us lessons in our "country schools," so that if the scholars are never able to advance to higher branches, they will have a solid foundation to build upon. Teach them about our own country; give them all the business qualifications possible, so that they will be able to "paddle their own canoe."

Inquiries.

Will some of the readers please tell how to wash black calico?—BELLE.

I would like to know how I can get some sea moss and shells.—BELLE.

Will "Aunt Inez" please write and tell us the name of the best shirt polish, and greatly oblige?—M. E. PERFECT, Iowa City, Ia.

Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please give me a recipe for turning hair black, and also to make it curl?—E. F. KINDNESS, Charleston, W. Va.

Will you tell me how to prepare macaroni and vermicelli? Say to "New Comer," who quarrels about winding the clock, "turn about is fair play."—H. B. S. M.

Will "Lady Reader" please tell if she used the recipe for making a person's face smooth that was published in the BLADE of Feb. 10; also what effect it had upon her face?—LUETTA.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE give me a recipe for removing hair from near a person's eyes?—J. K. E.

Will some one of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me a recipe for rusks; also for currant bread, such as the English women make?—HOLLIE.

Will you or some reader of your valuable paper tell me how to remove India ink marks from my hands? I wrote once before and you printed it Iodine marks but it is India Ink and was pricked in while I was at sea.—W. B. MANT.

Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD, who knows where I can procure a pair of Plymouth Rocks, write to me? I am very anxious to get them.—Address P. O. Box 11, Pagosa Springs, Colo.

Will some of your readers give me a simple remedy for removing a very painful seed wart?—K. B.

Will some one tell me what will take a large brown mole from the face without leaving a scar or doing any injury to the flesh?—AN INQUIRER.

Can any of the correspondents of the BLADE tell me any way to help the Spinal Complaint? I've been affected with it for over a year, and can't walk 10 feet at a time. Can any one tell me what to do to make me walk better?—S. WILLIAMSON, Coulterville, Ill.

I have a pet canary. For a week past he has shown unmistakable signs of blindness. The eyes look dull, with a white spot in the center which seems to be gradually growing larger. He is a beautiful singer, and a great pet with the whole family. I should be very glad if any of THE HOUSEHOLD readers could give me any information as to the cause of this blindness, and give me a remedy, as well. Is the occurrence a common one? I never knew of a case like it. The bird in all other respects seems perfectly well, and it is really pitiful to hear him sing and to know that he cannot see. What is the cause, and is there any remedy?—MRS. S. L. JEFFERS, California, Mich.

I am wondering if in all THE HOUSEHOLD there is not some lone woman or girl who would like a home. I want some one that is nice and tidy and is not afraid to work (not that there is much to do, for we have nothing to make hard work) and to be company for me. We have four in the family, the youngest 17 years old. No girls.—MRS. MARY BENTON, Carbondale, Kan.

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD give a recipe for making Graham bread without the use of yeast, also brown bread, something they have tried and know to be good, and oblige a young housekeeper?—MRS. J. M. BULLARD, Friendship, Alleghany Co., New York.

Will "Susan Power," or any of the sisters in THE HOUSEHOLD, be kind enough to tell me where to send to obtain patterns and directions for making paper flowers, and oblige an old reader of the dear old BLADE?—MARTHA.

Would some lady in Oregon please send her address, as I would like to correspond and find out something about the country? Address MISS IDA HUTCHINSON, High Prairie, Kansas.

Answers to Inquiries.

Say to "C. W. S." who was in trouble about his bees, that the data furnished is insufficient to form a correct opinion, but we should think the main cause was a lack of upward ventilation and the necessary absorbents of the moisture arising from the bees, that in this case condensed upon the combs, bees and unsealed honey, which, as a result, became diluted and consequently sour, resulting in dysentery and death of the bees.—BEE KEEPER.

I think some one wanted a cure for bone spavin. Here is one I heard of when I was a little girl and once on a time my husband bought a horse which proved to have one. I prepared the remedy and he used it and cured the horse: Put a lot of angle worms in a bottle; tie mosquito netting over it and hang on the south side of the house or barn out of doors, letting the sun dissolve the worms; leave them until the oil on top is clear, then pour off in another bottle and cork up; rub on freely once each day till cured.—MRS. J. S. BUNDOIN, Gallatin, Mo.

"Mrs. A. J. J.," of Avon, Neb., and others can prevent their chickens, young or old, from having "scaly leg," only by keeping them in dry runs and quarters. Wet and muddy runs, and allowing the chickens to sit on the ground instead of roosts at night soon causes this disease, which some scientists claim is composed of innumerable parasites, continually growing, and the remedy would seem to bear out this theory.

The remedy is to wash the affected part with castile soap and water; wipe dry and apply a mixture of sulphur and lard. Another remedy, easier applied and just as effective, is coal oil. A liberal application in the evening, repeated, say two days after, will do the business.

If "An Old Contributor" will address with stamp "Wonka," McPherson Center, McPherson County, Kansas, "Contributor" will learn of a sure cure for dyspepsia and will not receive any advice with regard to being temperate or about the use of tobacco.

I will say to "G. W. B." put on one pint of beans with a piece of side meat or a ham bone when the meat is mostly used in the morning; let them cook all the time there is fire, and a little fire at noon will finish them, then salt and pepper to taste.

If "L. H." will put eggs in salt in a box or jar, the large end up, with a little space between each to fill up with salt, they will keep for several months. I have tried it and know it to be good.—RAMBLER.

"Young Student," the address on an envelope is in the third person.—J. S. R.

"Aunt Axie," if you will take two grains of quinine, and a quarter of a grain of morphine, once or twice a day for a few days, I think it will cure you, or if you cannot take morphine take in its place two-thirds of a grain of opium. You can take it as a pill or powder whichever you prefer.—JAMES S. RITTER.

WE shall be obliged again to call attention to what has been said before that no requests for exchanges of *any* kind are published without an enclosure of 50 cents. Several have been sent to us lately, and the above will explain their non-appearance.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE JOE.

We had planned some grand surprises,
Hugh and I,
As the tearful days of April
Glided by.
We had fashioned quaint May-baskets,
Great and small,
And with brown nuts from the garret,
Filled them all.
But the secret that was greatest,
No one knew,
Save the urchins in the garret,
I and Hugh.

Down the lane a quaint old cottage
Stood alone,
Just beyond our orchard's crumbling
Wall of stone.
Here lived one poor, sad-eyed woman
And her boy;
In their home there never entered
Smallest joy.
Joe, the child, had never joined us
In our plays;
We almost forgot him living
Those bright days.

No one noticed him—poor baby!
Round his door,
Only dandelions and daisies,
By the score.
Raised their bright heads, smiled upon him,
Kissed his feet;—
He returned their love with kisses
Warm and sweet.
—We had seen him kiss them often,
And we smiled.—
He was wiser far than we were,
Lonely child!

Yes, he loved the flower-faces,
Small and bright;
This had led us to our secret
For May night.
Hand in hand, down through the orchard,
I and Hugh
Went for sweet arbutus blossoms,
Wet with dew.
And we found them, waxen blossoms,
Pink and white,
Hiding under leafy coverts
From the light.

Laughingly we bore them homeward,
Through the lane;
Held them up to faces watching
Gainst the pane.
But we whispered not our secret;
And at night
Crept down softly through the orchard,
Out of sight,
Low down bent the apple-branches;
And a breeze
Kissed our foreheads as we hurried, laughing,
Through the trees.

"Go," it whispered, "God be with you!"
God was there.
Nearer than we ever thought Him,
Anywhere.
Something in the silence awed us,
Hushed our words;
And we left the orchard, quiet,
As its birds.
Hand in hand we reached the cottage,
At the door
Left our May-blooms, came home faster
Than before.

This was years ago this Maytime,
Yet I pray,
I may never forget the lesson
Of that day.
For the kindness, so late coming,
Found poor Joe
Silent as his daisies, sleeping
'Neath the snow;
And the blossoms we had brought him,
Glad and proud,
Lay all scattered and unnoticed
On a shroud.

—*Youth's Companion.*

BESSIE'S STORY.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

What my own—my true own name may be or may have been, I do not know. I have a fancy, like a dream, that perhaps it has been Adele. And yet I cannot say why. My father, the captain, whose daughter I am by adoption, gave to me the name of Bessie for his wife, and Luna, for the moon. Thus within the log-book it is written Bessie Luna Wray.

Girls that have upon the shore their home can tell to an exactness what age they have and when their birthdays shall be. But for myself who have only a home upon the sea, I may know but this—that I have nearly fifteen years of age, "or thereabouts," as the captain says. I have never known of the birthdays—only an anniversary. And when I have forgotten myself of the day of the month on which *that* happens, I obtain the "Petrel's" log-book for the year of 1864, where I find this record:

"Journal of Hermaphrodite brig 'Petrel,' Wray, master, from San Francisco to Honolulu, Dec. 25, 1864.

"This day begins with clearing weather and light airs from S. E. Middle part of day wind light and baffling. At 2 P. M. passed a quantity of floating wreck stuff. Moon fulls at 11 A. M. At 11:30 P. M. Lat., by obs., 30 deg. 15 min., hove to, and picked up a boat of French build with 'Toulon' written in pencil on the seat, and a female child about one year old wrapped in a capote such as is worn by the pilots of Dieppe. Got under way at 12 M., course W. b. N. Call the child Bessie Luna Wray. So ends the 24 hours."

Such is all I know of my beginning of life. Excepting that only for the uncommon brightness of the moon, the lookout had not seen the drifting boat. It is said in all the books I have read, of the babe who is discovered, that it smiles sweetly in the face of its benefactor. But the captain tells often that I rent the air with crying till I was black in the face, until, arriving on the deck of the "Petrel," old Candace, the negress, took me in her embrace. She it was who was stewardess, with her husband Jim (also of color) as cook.

The captain would at once have had me fed with Port wines, condensed milk, canned soups, and like nourishment. But Candace said "no," and gave me of food in small quantities. "Dat 'ar little stummick mus'n be filled to depletion," is that which the captain repeats as her words to him.

Remaining on board, she had a care of me for four years. I would not be on the shore for even an hour. I cried bitterly when out of sight of my captain. Again we had a stewardess who was English, with her husband to cook. She taught me my sewing, and a prayer to say to the good God. But as I became more old in years the captain gave to me my instruction in books. He learned me of many things useful, and it is said of me that I have a marvellous power to attain in study. At my present age I am thin—*svelte*, as old M. Jacques, the former mate says—with a complexion of brunette, and eyes and hair which are black. This it is, with the readiness which I had in learning the French language of M. Jacques, which gives me to think that my mother at least was French. The accents and words seemed to always be known to me as of a dream.

But the captain will have it to say that I am a gift of Christmas from his wife who is with the good God. Be that as it may, I am to him as his very, very own, and he to me as father and mother in one, "the child of his old age, he insists; for though straight and erect as the mast of the "Petrel," he is in age 60 years.

He has provided for me everything of comfort and elegance that a young girl could wish. For the "Petrel" is a small brig which goes over all the world where a keel may float, in order to trade. It may be to purchase shells in the Indian Ocean, furs in St. Petersburg, fruits in Havana, spices in Ceylon, silks at Nankin, diamonds or ostrich-feathers at Cape Town, knick-knacks in London, *bijouterie* at Havre—anywhere and everywhere that a bargain may be made, we go. And in port the ladies of the consignee, or the American consul, will have me at their homes, and are so good to me. They take me to the galleries of art and places of interest. I attend the services of the church with them, and at their homes I meet people who are delightful. Thus I have learned to love things which are beautiful, and the captain is only too willing to get for me what I desire. He has built for me into the cabin a little cabinet organ. We took as passengers to the Sandwich Islands last year, a good missionary and his wife, who accompanied him, taught me the music, and to sing and play, so that I am never ennuyeed at sea. I have a great abundance of books; I have my music, my studies (navigation is among them), my sewing, a canary-bird, and a pot of ivy—beside my journal, from which these pages are recorded—what would you more? It does not matter that we meet storms—sometimes terrible ones. I do not say it to boast, but I have not anything of fear within. I love to be on deck; I have the long oil-coat which buttons close about me like that of the captain, and boots of rubber. Oftentimes the captain permits that I give the orders for taking in the light sails, or tacking the brig. And I can steer with the wheel as well as old Dan himself, or trace the vessel's course upon the chart when I have figured the reckoning.

You of the young ladies who murmur because of the space of closets, should visit *my* room. It has a length of ten feet, a breadth of six. My berth, with three drawers beneath it, takes much of the room. But I have a tiny wash-stand, a small chair, and a trunk also.

Pictures too. The one, "Christ Stilling the Tempest," is a small painting in oil, which was a present to myself from a lady in Rome whose husband is a great artist.

Opposite hangs a photograph of the "Immaculate Conception," also a present from a lady in Liverpool, Mrs. Fancher. There is fastened to the wall a swinging amp of solid silver. A diver of the submarine brought it up from the wreck of a steam-yacht which, belonging to Omar Pacha, was lost with all those on board in the Persian Gulf. The man gave it as pay for his passage to Foochow. But imagine to yourself the curtains of my berth being of silk damask worked with gold thread! They are of much value, yet when one asks of their price, the captain says, with a laugh, that he bought them for a song. It was while we were loading with a few teas at Foochow. A man habited as a sailor came on board at the evening, and offered this for fifty dollars. He had been a runaway from a ship, and seeking the country, was impressed into the army of Chinese insurgents. They had sacked the emperor's seat at Ningpo, and this was torn from the hangings of the couch of the princess—or he thus said. The captain told him he could not give but twenty dollars, though it was of more worth. But the man said "no," and went out. It was then, thinking that he had gone, I began to sing and play the song of Adelaide Proctor, "The Lost Chord," which I so love. And the same man came back and began to cry! He said to the captain if I would sing it once more, he should have the stuff at his own price, which I did willingly, and thus it was purchased.

My book shelves are of sandal-wood inlaid with ebony. They were given me in Madras by the merchant with whom the captain has done business these many years. The ewer and jug in my wash-stand are of bronze. They were discovered from a tomb in the Island of Cyprus.

But it is in especial of one voyage—the last—of which I have to tell, for it came near to become an adventure. We were bound to Lisbon, seeking a cargo of the light wines for the market of New York, and the captain had with him for the purchase three thousand dollars in gold. He had shipped for the voyage a different chief mate, and also two men of the crew who came on board with him. It happens to me to notice small things, and I remember that I looked with surprise at the familiarity which these common sailors had secretly with the first mate. Old Jacques would hardly have spoken to a sailor even upon the land, except in the way of duty. I had for this Mr. Atkin, as he called himself, a strong dislike. His face had a smooth badness, but he was fluent of tongue, with an appearance of education, and the captain smiled at what he said was my childish prejudice. Yet the good God has given me to read the human face, and I often have chosen out those from the crew whom I felt would make trouble to the officers, and was seldom with mistake.

The second officer was Waters, a man very young but brave and active. He too regarded this Atkin with suspicion. "Tell your father, Miss," he said to me in private, "to keep his weather eye open, and look out for Atkin."

The captain did but laugh when I told him, and bade me not trouble my little head with fears. But I found him watchful in a quiet way after that, though there happened nothing for some time of suspicion.

I find as I copy from my journal that I do not sometimes frame these sentences in the exact order that I read them in books. I cannot seem to readily correct myself, so I have made a point to put down all the conversation which I remember, exactly as it was spoken by those of whom I shall write. It will be a good practice for me. I began to keep my journal three years since, with view of having a better command of language.

We finally made sight of Teneriffe peak among the Canary Islands. It rises many thousand feet above the sea, and for miles is visible in the clear weather.

That night the winds died away, and we were becalmed, and so warm as it was! I could not sleep, and in the first watch—that of the captain—I went upon deck. Old Dan is a sailor who has been at sea with us a great many years, and the only one that the captain wishes me to speak with when he is not present.

So, after I had chatted with the captain a little, he went forward a moment with a

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

The China Aster.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

This name was derived from Greek words, meaning beautiful crown. It came to us from China and Japan, but not as it is to-day grown all over the land. Perhaps some of you can remember the aster of my grandmother's day, then sometimes called "Fall rosy," very little larger than the daisy, and the colors all the way from pure white to very dark purple. The old fashioned plant was a vigorous grower, and one specimen required as much room as a half dozen of those we now cultivate do. The improved aster is truly a beautiful plant. The dwarf varieties, which hardly exceed one foot in hight, make fine pot plants, if care be taken to procure good seeds and not let the growth be checked before the flowers appear. This can be done with very rich soil and re-potting to larger pots before they become the least root-bound.

The seeds of the aster being very full of oil, are not very certain to germinate after the first year, and it is best to be certain that your seed is fresh. It is best to sow the seed about the middle of April in a shallow box in the house, or slight hot-bed. When the little seedlings are large enough to handle, transplant them to thumb pots, or to other boxes, about two inches apart, and as they grow draw a sharp knife through the soil, both ways, between the plants, cutting off all side roots about one inch from the main plant. The plants should not be planted in the open air until about the last of May. Chose a cloudy, damp day for this work. The soil in which they are set should be made very rich and in the full sunshine. Drouth greatly retards the growth, and as a preventive mulch the plants well with lawn clippings or straw, and if dry weather continues any length of time, water well once or twice a week with water to which considerable liquid manure has been added. A very pretty ribbon-bed can be made with the aster by placing the tall-growing sorts in the center or in the back-ground, and the dwarf in the sides or front.

Last year I had several large beds of asters in all colors, from pure white to dark purple, and was careful to save all the seed. I have nearly a quart, and will send any one a package for a stamp to pay postage. The tall varieties grow about two feet high, and some of the dwarf only six inches high. I had some plants so full of double flowers as to look like one large ball, and you would wonder where the leaves were that provided all these flowers. Indeed, they bloomed themselves to death. No plants make a finer appearance, always being symmetrical in form, never growing in a straggling manner as some plants do. Care must be taken not to allow the earth around the plants to become baked or crusted, or the growth of the plant retarded in the least, for if you do your only reward will be small, imperfect flowers.

Ainsworth, Ia. J. H. PEARSON.

Cure for Hog Disease.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In answer to "J. W. C.," who has asked for a cure for hog disease, I would say take one pound of muriatic acid, one ounce of carbonate of iron, two ounces of sweet sprits niter. Feed this in the swill, and put the other ingredients in the acid. Shake until the iron has disolved; give twice a day one tablespoonful to each hog that will weigh 100 or over. To any under that give in proportion. Keep your hogs dry, change their bed twice a week. Here is something to prevent this disease: One pound sulphur, one pound kosin, one pound copperas, one pound salt petre. Pulverize all the hard ingredients, mix, and feed in swill. Also give one-half teacupful to each hog. Be sure and keep them dry and their bed clean.

H. B. GOOD.

Tecumseh, Neb., March 10.

Fruit Killed in Missouri.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

The present Winter has been one of disaster to the fruit growers of southwest Missouri. Scarcely a peach, pear or cherry tree remains alive, while in many localities the apple orchards are a complete ruin. Newton County seems to have suffered more and sustained greater loss than others. It will require 10 years for this section to recover from the effects of last November's polar wave. Last Fall being extremely wet the trees were caught full of sap and consequently the damage done. Early sown wheat promises well, but the later sown is almost worthless and will be plowed up to some extent. LOUIS KOSSORN,

The Coming Sheep.

Forty-four of "the coming sheep," recently imported, sold at Philadelphia for $2,500. This will hardly pay such a profit as will induce many importations, at least of high class sheep. If this is all the "boom" that can be raised it will only pay to bring common animals, "ordinary critters," in fact; and this is an additional reason why Americans should keep aloof from this sort of business.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Big Cow.

Posey County, Ind., claims to have raised the largest cow in the world. Her name is Lady Posey; breed, mixed Durham and Big English. Her measurements are: Greatest height, 5 feet and 10 inches; girth, 8 feet 9 inches; length, 16 feet 6 inches, or including tail, 17 feet. Her form is good; and, though not fat, she weighs 3,000 pounds. Her color is red and white, red predominating. Age, six years. Her present owner lives in Stark County Ill.

To Make Paint for One Cent a Pound.

To one gallon of soft hot water add four pounds sulphate zinc (crude). Let it dissolve perfectly, and a sediment will settle at the bottom. Turn the clear solution into another vessel. To one gallon of paint (lead and oil) mix one gallon of the compound. Stir it into the paint slowly for 10 or 15 minutes, and the compound and paint will perfectly combine; if too thick, thin it with turpentine. It is said that this recipe has sold for $100.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Leaf-Mould.

If you take well-decomposed leaf-soil and sift and examine it, you will find that it is altogether a mass of worm-casts. Rough-rooting plants take kindly enough to this, but tender and delicate rooting ones do not. In order to make it good and ready food for all, I rub it hard between my hands till it feels as mellow as flour. In this state, and mixed with its bulk of clean sand and a little mellow loam, almost any "hasty" seed will grow in it; but for palms, nyssia, fraxinellas, peonias, and other seeds that take moths a year or more to germinate, I do not use it, as I have found it has a tendency to rot the seeds. Leaf-mould is a capital thing for mixing with loamy soil in Spring, for potting or boxing off seedlings, rooted cuttings, or Winter-stored roots or other plants.—W. F., Cambridge, Mass.

Hatching and Raising Chickens.

The nourishment needed by chickens consists of grains, either in the kernel or meal, united with many other ingredients. No doubt chicks may be hatched and reared by the aid of incubators, etc., but the question is, are they as profitable? I have no idea of discouraging the adventurous, but rather the contrary, where there is any benefit to be derived. We meet, in agricultural and poultry papers, advertisements of incubators and artificial mothers. These vary in price according to capacity and cost of getting up. One holding 100 eggs may be obtained together with the mother, at a cost of some $30. To incubate this number of eggs, seven hens must be employed at a cost ranging from 60 to 80 cents, and possibly $1 per head. The bodies of the hens will bring first cost when fattened, and the eggs laid previous and after sitting, if good fowls and well fed, would defray the expenses of keeping. With the incubator the trouble or vermin is avoided, which is something, but I doubt whether the chickens are ever as large, or make as rapid growth, as those hatched under the hen. Will some one having personal experience with these artificial methods tell me?

Chickens cannot be neglected. They require the constant attendance of a person, in the absence of a natural mother, to regulate and keep the machine that covers them, in order and at the proper degree of warmth. This it cannot do itself, whereas, in ordinary Summer weather the mother hen takes the whole charge, in this respect, requiring only the accustomed food and water. The food may be placed where they can help themselves at any time, in a place that excludes the adult birds. I generally have a coop expressly for this purpose, provided with slats that will admit only the chicks. Let us now look at the cost of bringing the chickens up. After they are out of the shell they require no food for the next 24 hours, and some will not eat under 48 hours. The old rule is to wait until the pip is off the end of the beak, but it is better to introduce food earlier, that they may become accustomed to its presence and the call of the mother.

This should be done on the nest, and the chicks should never be removed therefrom until the hen is taken off and established in her coop. The nest, however, should be cleared of all egg shells, dead chickens and unhatched eggs as soon as possible; but do not remove the young things from the warm nest in cool weather under 48 hours unless the hen is uneasy. Then they have a good start, and the limbs are strong and ready to do duty. From this time out the chick will be able to consume his rations, if strong and healthy. At the age of 56 days the bird is out of danger of chicken diseases, such as gapes and pip, and will have consumed 3½ qts. of food, either cracked corn, wheat or buckwheat. After this period the quantity of food must be increased, and after the lapse of four weeks needs to be doubled. To be sure they will gather considerable forage, but should not depend wholly on this. It does not pay to let them run down, as the making and growing of the feathers is a delicate period. After three weeks they need no housing if the mother is given a warm place to roost.—*Country Gentleman.*

Popular Fallacies About Insects.

There is a popular idea that a hard Winter is very destructive to insects, and they will be fewer in the Summer following. The idea is not a true one. When our Winters are steadily cold, few insects hatch out of the egg, or the chrysalis state; in those Winters that are mild, large numbers of insects come forth on fine warm days and nights, and great numbers will perish before they can lay eggs or change their forms by frost, storms or birds. This is not theoretical, but proven by the observations of 40 years, spent in the study of natural things. Any one may see on warm days and nights plenty of flies, moths, gnats etc., in Winter, and these are almost invariably destroyed before they can breed. On some springs we have a continuance of cold, ungenial winds, which hinder a good state of growth in plants, at such times, plants, shrubs, and even trees, get infested with great quantities of insects, especially, what is called the green and black aphis, or fly. Many persons still believe that these insects are brought in the winds, but this is far from the truth; the plants by their slow state of growth are made more favorable places for insects. By those conditions every gardener who knows his business, knows that insects get most upon his plants when they are in a slow state of growth; the eggs or chrysalis are always somewhere around, and when circumstances are favorable they are ready for work.

An old gardener once expressed it, that only ignorance and idleness ever allowed insects to get "boss 'in gardens or houses. The old man's words are truth. Many good people have a happy knack of dealing with the insect world; they will see a few one day on their plants, and leave them to some other time before they undertake to stop them either from breeding or eating, and then often commence to save their plants when they are well-crowded, and it takes as much to destroy the vermin as often fixes the plants also. Those who wish to keep insects in check, must never have any "to-morrows" about their ways, but must act as soon as the eggs, chrysalis, or vermin in any state are seen. Destroy the first lot and it is rare that there is much trouble after. Those who have only a few plants in a window, can easily keep them clean. If the plants are not large, take the pot in the right hand, by its bottom, and let the stem of the plant be between the middle fingers, then souse the head in a pail or tub of soapsuds, then rinse it in clear water. If this were done once or twice a week, it would benefit the plants even if no insects had to be killed.

It would be easy to write many chapters how to destroy insects, but a watchful eye and prompt action in destroying them is worth all that can be recommended, and the finger and thumb will often keep a large place pretty free from such pests. There are occasions when it is needful to apply wholesale (as it were) means. The English farmers could not grow turnips were it not for their free use of coal soot. As soon as their turnips get into the second leaf a little black fly comes in millions, and would destroy the crop (which is there an important one) but by covering the plants with soft coal soot they are saved. The soot don't kill the insects, but insects are somewhat like human beings; if they get well annoyed they shift, and the soot as it washes off the plants, makes them grow faster. Soot is used over large areas of other crops, to drive insects, and as a fertilizer. It is not an uncommon thing to see 10 or 12 car loads of soot leaving a town or city for the farms in the country. Were the uses of soot more generally known we should have fewer complaints about insects.—*A Perambulating Gardener in Prairie Farmer.*

Mahone's Movement.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—Virginia papers reaching here to-day nearly all join in abuse of Sen. Mahone. Virginia Republicans are jubilant. From appearance the upshot of the movement will be that Mahone will take about half of the Readjusters into the Republican party. There seems no where else for them to go. The Readjuster papers generally stand up to Mahone, commending him for taking a step that will be of great benefit to Virginia. On the other hand the straight Democratic papers are boiling over with indignation.

They compare Mahone to Benedict Arnold and other illustrious persons. The Richmond State to-day says: "Virginia claps her hands when Hill, of Georgia, becomes her champion in the Senate of the United States, and shakes Mahone as a terrier dog shakes a rat. Virginians remember their own history, if Mahone forgets it, and when he went to the Senate not a few Virginians, and among them the writer of these lines, denied with emphasis and anger the assertion that Mahone would prove a traitor. But he has made his bed, and the United States, including both parties and both races, North and South, East and West, know how he made it, and guess why he made it. Benedict Arnold was a famous soldier."

A Good Housewife.

The good housewife, when she is giving her house its Spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from Spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—*Concord, N. H., Patriot.*

The Sunday School.

Following Jesus.

LESSON I, SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God.—Luke 9; 62.

LESSON TEXT.

Luke 9: 51-62.

51. And it came to pass, when time was come that he should be received up, he steadily set his face to go to Jerusalem. 52. And sent messengers before his face; and they went, and entered into a village of the Samaritans, to make ready for him. 53. And they did not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem. 54. And when his disciples, James and John saw this, they said, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did? 55. But he turned and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. 56. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. And they went to another village. 57. And it came to pass, that as they went in the way, a certain man said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. 58. And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. 59. And he said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. 60. Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the kingdom of God. 61. And another also said, Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house. 62. And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The time was come that he should be received up (v. 51.)—The title of our lesson suggests an acquaintance with the previous journeys of Jesus. If we have followed him we must know that his work in Galilee was now finished—finished with the transfiguration vision of our chapter. The refusal of Israel to receive him had been proved; and though the earth seemed closed to him, the heavens are seen to open, and give a pledge of his present glory there, and his future glory on the earth. How delightful to follow him in this! for Zion, by ancient decree is the seat of divine dominion in the earth. For the present, however, it is the cross and not the crown, that awaits him, and, following him, we go up to Jerusalem. The time was come. It has been said, that this was "the hour and event of all time." Were it possible we might follow him in his journey from before the foundation of the world; but we can trace the footsteps of divine love before the earthly advent. That he should be received up. This was the event waited for by him and in heaven—his return to the glory he had with the Father before the world was. How they must have missed him from the world of light. No wonder the angels desired to look into the mystery, and their frequent visits to him while on earth must have filled them with amazement. How they must have wondered that no more followed him on the earth! He set his face to go to Jerusalem. He saw all that was to come, but he turned not back. "The betrayal, the unjust trial, the mockery, the scourging, the crown of thorns, the spitting, the nails, the spear, the agony on the cross—all were spread before the mind's eye like a picture." The connection in which this word occurs—"I have set my face like a flint"—is wonderful (see Isa. 50: 4-10.) Paul going up to Jerusalem, Esther going before the king, Luther going to Worms, are but illustrations of the resolute purpose that assures victory. "I will go," said Rebekah; "We are not careful to answer thee, O king," said the Hebrew children; "Put down my name," said Bunyan's pilgrim at the gate of the palace; and when the time comes that the soul decides, and the face is steadfastly set for heaven, there is victory. Who follows Jesus in this!

And sent messengers before his face, . . . to make ready (v. 52.) They were sent for four thousand years before he came, continued while he was here, and are being sent now—every day. Messengers of mercy, of love and peace, of warning and entreaty of death and life. They fly swiftly, run to and fro, take many shapes, and yet all tell one story—he is coming! prepare for him! The procession then and now is much the same—Christ and a few chosen disciples—men and women who are faithful. When he comes there must be a preparation for him. This applies to a church, a community or school, or an individual, and this preparatory process is often painful. A well-educated man said in the meeting last week, "I had education, wealth, position and friends; but, through intemperance and sin I lost all, and was cast into prison. There, where I had gone without Christ, when I had no one else to care for me or help me, Jesus came and found me, forgave and saved me, and brought me out and blessed me."

And they did not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem (v. 53.)—Why did they refuse to receive Jesus! They needed his salvation, his healing power, his comforting words, his loving presence; but from their enmity to the Jews, and jealousy of them, they rejected Christ. And men are doing this every day. "We forsake him,"—even when he was casting out devils "because he followed not us." Jealousy and strife are greater barriers to Jesus' work than sins of crimson and scarlet. "Unforgiveness among Christians," says Mr. Moody, "is the greatest hindrance to a revival." A gentleman was conversing with a rich lady in the inquiry room. "Must I be saved just like my coachman?" she asked. "There is only one way," said the Christian worker. "Then I will not be saved at all," was the proud reply. And this spirit provokes a return in kind.

Wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, as Elias did? (v. 54.) And this from John's lips! Surely the heart is a furnace, and the fire was consuming him rather than them. He rebuked the other worker (Mark 9: 38) he would consume the Samaritans, and he wished to sit on the right hand of the kingdom (Mark 10: 37.) "Wilt thou that we command," etc. Surely presumption could hardly go further, and this is but a specimen and example. Had the Master been as the disciples, who would have been saved? Had the disciples been as the Master, who might not have been saved?

For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them (v. 56.)—Who was the man! Indeed, who that has professed Christ has not said it? A boy said to his mother, "I wish to be a foreign mission-ary." "Good," said the mother, "but remember that no one is fit for a foreign missionary who is not already a home missionary." We promised to follow—and it is only a step at a time; do we keep the promise, or are we not rather careful to ask where, and how much? Jesus said, count the cost. "Foxes have holes,"—they may hide; "birds of the air have nests,"—above reach of most enemies; "but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head"—in security. And, applying the lesson:

He said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father (v. 59.)—No higher earthly duty. Jesus gives the supreme illustration, but there are no conditions in the call. It is imperative and immediate. In a meeting where the address had been on the word "Come," one of the after speakers said "I suppose we can hardly count the number of times in the Bible that God says Come, but I am sure we cannot find one place where he says Come to-morrow." Another said, "His word, Come, is spoken often to us all, but we never do come so long as we have any other place to go." It was so with the last man in the lesson.

Another also said, Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go and bid them farewell which are at home (v. 61.)—The great trouble with him was he had never left home and was not ready to follow the Lord. As in the case with the fish, it was not Christ and the world, but Christ or the world; only one who could trust him fully will forsake all. Often, like Peter, we gird ourselves and declare ourselves willing to follow, but only when girded by him, do we follow in truth (compare John 21: 18 with 1 Peter 2: 21, 25; 2 Peter 3: 17.) And this "Follow me" is Jesus' first and last command (John 21: 22.) Only one thing to do—follow—only one person to follow—Christ. "Lovest thou me,"—"Follow me." An old king paraphrazed it thus: "All who love me will follow me." None but believers can follow Jesus. We must be raised from the dead to follow a risen Lord. None but believes will follow. If there is a want of faith or love, there cannot be obedience. We follow—in humility, in love; on earth and in heaven.—*B. F. Jacobs in S. S. Times.*

Washington Hotels.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The winding up of the inauguration left its little scars. The management of the ceremony, that is, the parade, the fireworks and the ball, came out about even, in a financial way. The ball, which realized nearly $25,000, saved the management from a serious deficit. But the hotels are subjected to a good deal of criticism. They profited by the crowds to the amount of tens of thousands of dollars, yet the total subscriptions of all the hotels amounted to but $110. This was very insignificant.

A BIGAMOUS BAND.

A Proposal to Start a Mormon Settlement in a New Jersey Town.

PHILADELPHIA, March 18.—The Times prints the following, from Ancona, N. J.: This little town is greatly excited over the discovery of the foundation of a Mormon settlement in the vicinity. A deed for that purpose was given on yesterday by a man named Spaulding to his son in law. All the parties concerned are not only bigamists in belief but Spiritualists also, having become imbued with spiritualistic sentiments, when the Eddy brothers, the well-known mediums, were living here several years ago. The son-in law, whose name is Allen, is the main character in the movement, and his history as far as can be learned, is a curious one. He has been married three times or rather, has had three women living with him who claimed they were his wives. The first one was the best of the lot, and, when she ascertained her husbands views and practices, procured a divorce from him in Indiana. He then married Miss Spaulding here in Ancona, and lived with his father-in-law. Several months ago he went South and returned with a woman whom he said he had married in Atlanta, Ga. The woman took her place in the family, and the utmost harmony has prevailed between the two wives and the husband. Their firm belief in polygamy made matters run smoothly, and the Ancona mistress says she is perfectly satisfied, because her husband is an impracticable sort of a man, and the Southern woman is a practical creature, just the person to be a helpmeet for the man. She is very modest, and lays no claim to superior charms herself. The two women seem to be devoted to one another and to Allen. Their intention to form a Mormon community, or rather a community where Spiritualism, polygamy, and communism should prevail, and their illegal manner of living, soon became noised abroad and scandalized the quiet neighborhood. At first nothing definite was proposed respecting the matter, but during the past few weeks a determination to prevent the founding of the settlement, and stop the bigamous practices in the midst, has arisen in the minds of the residents. Matters came to a climax on yesterday, when the drawing of the deed was ascertained, and several citizens made complaint to the Justice of the Peace, and asked for a warrant against Allen. The Justice was puzzled by the complicated affairs of the case, and concluded to get legal advice on the subject before taking any steps. With that object in view he went to Prosecutor Jenkins, at Camden, to day, and consult him as to the course he should pursue. Allen's arrest is expected to morrow unless he gets wind of the affair and leaves the Town. His departure will be hindered, if possible. It is understood that Allen has been in communication with polygamists all over the country for weeks past, informing them of the proposed settlement, and urging them to move on here. It is believed he met with enough favorable responses to warrant the establishment of the community. It is also thought that Spiritualists will avail themselves of the opportunity to move into the vicinity, as there used to be a number of them residing here. The land which Allen proposes using belongs to Spaulding, and it is not supposed he gave anything more than the mere consideration which would enable him to hold it in his own name. Spaulding seems infatuated with his son in law's plans.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLANS

Regarding Appointments.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—President Garfield said yesterday to a Senator from one of the Middle States that he would send very few nominations to the Senate before the adjournment of that body. He would only fill vacancies. It would be 60 days, at least, before he began to make any important changes. He also outlined the policy that he intends to pursue in the selection for offices in the different States. He thinks the best judges as to who shall be selected for such positions are the Senators and Representatives most interested. He said that they knew better than he possibly could who should be appointed, and he intended to rely in the main in making his selections upon them. This will be quite a change from the method the last Administration adopted in regard to appointments. The President also said that he had become disgusted with the horde of office seekers that had descended upon him in a merciless crowd. He had told many of the office seekers that he intends to make no changes immediately. This had the effect to drive many of them away.

BOILER EXPLOSION

With Fatal Results.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 18.—Towboat "John Means," of the St. Louis & New Orleans Transportation Company, enroute to St. Louis, exploded her boilers, last evening at 6 o'clock, just about Osceola, Ark., 90 miles up the river, and sank out of sight almost immediately. She carried a crew of 26 men, four of whom, John Seals, pilot; a deckhand named Morris, and two firemen, Germans, are missing, and are supposed to be drowned. Charles Purcell, the pilot on watch at the time of the accident, was blown into the river and had a leg broken; Tom Cannon, deckhand, had his skull fractured; Wm. P. Wooldridge, second cook, was scalded on the neck and legs; Capt. McClellan was also slightly bruised on the head. When the boat sank, the five barges loaded with railroad iron and block tin, which she was towing floated on down the river. Capt. McClellan and the wounded men were brought here this morning by the "Belle of Memphis." The Captain has returned to the scene of the disaster with a tug to secure the barges.

Vice President Arthur.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—Before his election to the Vice Presidency, Mr. Arthur was comparatively unknown in Washington. He had never spent much time here, and his list of general acquaintances was not large, outside of the New Yorkers. On the other hand, his predecessor in office, Mr. Wheeler, was very well known before he was elected to the Vice Presidency and became the presiding officer of the Senate.

But during the short time that Mr. Arthur has been here in his official capacity he has won the good will of all with whom he has come in contact. If anything is indicated by the "start" he has made as presiding officer, he will be one of the most popular Vice Presidents who ever called the Senate to order. He has an engaging manner, a frank, open way of meeting men in social intercourse as well as upon public occasions. Few have come to Washington in a public capacity who have so won upon the respect and esteem of so large a circle, irrespective of party.

A Russian Acknowledgement.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 18.—The Secretary of State received from Gen. Foster, United States Minister at St. Petersburg, the following:

To Blaine, Secretary, Washington, D. C.:

The Minister of Foreign Affairs says the Emperor is profoundly touched by the expressions of sympathy of the President and Senate of your country for which the deceased Emperor professed a sincere esteem and earnest friendship. It is a legacy which he leaves to the Emperor Alexander, and which His Majesty, in accord with the Russian nation, accepts from the depths of his heart.

FOSTER, Minister.

Sen. Edmunds goes South.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Sen. Edmunds left Washington last night for a visit to Florida, and Sen. Vance paired with him for the remainder of the session. Judge Edmunds has for some time been troubled with a bad cold and now seeks a warmer climate in order to avoid the threatened danger of its developing into bronchitis and probably settling on his lungs. The Senator has been similarly affected several previous winters

PAUL BOYTON

Is Still Alive—He Gives a Description of His Recent Thrilling Adventures.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 9.—A resident of Baltimore has received a letter from Paul Boyton, dated at Lima. Mr. Boyton had been in the employ of the Peruvian Government for several months, engaged in improving i's torpedo service, and writes a graphic description of the disasters which befell the Peruvians at the hands of the Chillian forces. The following extracts from Mr. Boyton's letter will be read with interest:

"One night I sailed across to the Island of San Lorenzo and dropped anchor under the cliff at the head of it. Taking a torpedo and my dress I paddled ashore for the purpose of making a reconnoissance. Before leaving, I ordered the men on the sloop not to move until I returned. I was detained for over three hours on account of a guard which I had to flank; and when I did get back, to my horror and surprise I found the sloop had left me. I could not start for the mainland, as daylight would reveal me to the enemy before I was three miles from the island. So I was compelled to seek a hiding place, which I found in a cave under the cliff, which was inhabited by sea lions, seals and otters. The sea lions made no attempt to molest me, but the seals were more inquisitive, and more than once I had to knock them over the nose with my paddle. I sat there all day long without a mouthful to eat or a drop of water to drink. Night came on at last and then I started on my voyage home. I got to Callao a little before 5 o'clock in the morning, where I came near being shot full of holes by the guard on the mole.

"I proposed an expedition to Pisco, where the enemy was about to land troops, but was ordered not to go by the Chief, His order I had to obey, but he was the only man in Kew whose order I would obey. Well, we were driven from post to post as the Chilians closed in, until at last we had to take refuge under the guns at Callo. There, at the request of the Chief, I took command of the submarine boat; but after three days' trial I went to Lima and informed the Chief that it was a failure, and begged him to release me from its command. He declined, and asked me to stand by her, as she was the only hope. Soon after the Chilians landed at Luvin, and then the Chief went suddenly to the front to superintend in person the disposition of the Peruvian army. At last, when things began to look serious, I abandoned the submarine boat and went to Chorcelias. That night I would not see Don Nicolas, and the next morning before daylight the Chilians had surprised the town, and the battle of January 13th had commenced.

"January 15th a flag of truce was brought into our camp, an engagement was made for an armistice. The meeting took place about noon, and at 2 o'clock, while the officers were still debating, a shell came flying over the camp. In an instant firing commenced all along the line, and in quicker time than it takes me to tell you, the battle had begun. It proved to be the grave-yard of Peru. I followed the disorganized army into Lima. Here we found the city in the hands of a mob, who plundered and burned to their hearts' content. Bullets flew through the streets as thick as hail. The yells of wounded men, the shrieks of frightened women, the red glare of a hundred fires, all went to form about as perfect a picture of hell as one could well imagine. On the night of the 17th you could not walk 10 steps without stumbling over a dead man. At last the Chilians marched in, and order was to some extent restored. On the 22d I was arrested by the Chilians as the 'torpedo man,' and after a little delay was released on parole, but not at liberty to leave Lima. So at present I am a prisoner of war. I was slightly wounded, but they do not amount to any thing."

Edwin Forrest's Estate.

NEW YORK, March 16.—A suit brought in the Supreme Court of the Second Judicial District by Wm. B Forrest, a naturalized citizen of the United States, at present a merchant in Boston, against the Edwin Forrest Home of Philadelphia, to recover a piece of property situated at Kellinger and School streets, Yonkers, of which Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, was the owner at the time of his death, has been on trial in the Circuit Court at White Plains for several days. It was concluded to-day, when the jury rendered a verdict in favor of the defendant; but Judge Dykman set the verdict aside and granted a new trial. The plaintiff claims to be a second cousin, and the next of kin and heir at law of Edwin Forrest. For the defense the will of Mr. Forrest was read, bequeathing the real estate mentioned to his executors, in trust for the benefit of decayed actors, by the establishment of Edwin Forrest Home.

Thrilling Adventure With a Steer.

ZANESVILLE, O., March 16.—Fritz Deutsch, accompanied by Henry Stein and Rudolph Spaht, went down to the river to-day to kill a steer that they were unable to drive to the City. They shot the animal three times in the head and once behind the fore leg, but he did not fall. Deutsch then picked up an axe, and was about knocking the beast in the head, when the enraged animal rushed upon him, and catching the young man under the chin with his horns, threw him into the air, whirling him around several times. He fell insensible upon the ground, when the mad brute began to tramp him. At this juncture Stein fired another shot, when the animal fell dead. Deutsch was considerably injured all through, but not dangerously.

Thanking Garfield.

HARRISBURG, Pa., March 16.—In the House of Representatives last night Representative Lands, one of the bolting Representatives in the United States Senatorial contest, offered a resolution that the thanks of the House be tendered to Pres. Garfield for his recognition of the claims of the Keystone State in the appointment of Wayne McVeagh to the Cabinet. Some of the stalwart Representatives endeavored to hoot down the proposition when it was submitted, but very few recorded themselves against it when the vote was taken, the resolution passing by a decisive majority.

A Discouraged Actor.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, called upon the President yesterday to get the widow of Gen. Bartlett, who was killed in battle, the position of Postmistress at Pittsfield, Mass. Mr. Garfield said he was sorry he could not personally serve him, but would refer him to Sen. Dawes, who had the office in his immediate keeping. Dawes told Barrett he would like to serve him, but his hands were tied by other considerations. His inclination was to give the soldier's widow the place, "but, but, etc.," whereupon the actor pungently observed that he (Barrett) was glad he belonged to a profession where men could use the dictates of conscience and live up to their principles.

Strange Hallucination.

NEWCOMERSTOWN, March 17.—An aged citizen of Tippecanoe, named Meldrum, recently became insane on the subject of poisons, and is in deadly fear of being poisoned. He is very suspicious of everything he eats, even at his own table, and charges his friends and neighbors with forming a conspiracy to poison him, and alleges that they have made several attempts to do so during the past Winter. The case is certainly a most singular one, and is attracting general attention. When he becomes sick he imagines it is a deadly poison administered by some member of the family which is causing his trouble, and directs his physician to apply promptly the necessary antidote. He will probably be taken to the Asylum soon.

Nature's Way.

Nature often cures disease, but when she does, it is always by expelling in some way or other the cause. Kidney-Wort effectually aids nature in doing this, and this is why it performs so many great cures.—*Sun.*

THE GRANT FUND.

The Sum of $250,000 Subscribed for the Great General.

NEW YORK, March 18.—In November last the Times applied for a National subscription to provide a perpetual fund of which the annual income should be enjoyed during life and while not holding any federal office by the oldest ex-President of the United States. The desired amount of the fund was stated at $250,000, and its probable yearly income at $12,500. The task of raising the fund was undertaken in the person of George Jones. The New York Times reports the completion of the subscription of the $250,000. The perpetual fund proceeds to go to the oldest ex-President of the United States while not holding any Federal office. He says that of the entire amount of $250,000 which has been subscribed $216,000 has been paid in. The outstanding subscriptions are mainly those of a few subscribers for large amounts, who are at present out of the country, and who have not had time to answer the request for payment. The amount already received has been invested by the Committee of Subscribers, consisting of E. D. Morgan, Oliver Hoyt and George Jones, and will yield an annual income of $13,160. Should the remainder be invested to an equal advantage the fund will yield over $15,000 a year. The great majority of the subscribers deem it inadvisable to make public the names of those who have contributed to the fund, and about $50,000 has been subscribed on the distinct understanding that the names of the donors shall be kept secret. An analysis of the list, however, shows the following distribution of amounts:

Two suoscribers of $25,000, $50,000; three subscribers of $36,000, $30,000; 18 subscribers of $5,000, $90,000; three subscribers of $2,500, $7,500; two subscribers of $2,000, $4,000; 48 subscribers of $1,000, $48,000; one subscriber of $750, $750; 21 subscribers of $500, $10,500; 25 subscribers of $270, $6,750; five subscribers of $200, $1,000; 13 subscribers of $100, $1,300; one subscriber of $50, $50. Various subscribers for small amounts, $150. Total, $250,000.

The unanimous sentiment of those appealed to was that the fund should be regarded merely as an imperfect substitute for a want of a national provision for Gen. Grant and that the final destination of the principal should be matter entirely within the discretion of the subscribers for the major portion of the amount. No other arguments the save one drawn from the preeminent services of Gen. Grant to the American people would have availed to raise the fund to the desired limit. No other name save his could have prompted men differing in everything else to respond promptly and ungrudgingly to an appeal, the results of which are now before the public. While professed Republicans constitute the great majority of the subscribers, the list contains the names of many not identified with either party, as well as of some prominent Democrats. One of the latter class appears as subscribed for $10,000.

THE PORK SCARE.

Our Ministers Instructed as to the Course for Them to Pursue.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—The Ministers of the United States at the Court of St. James and at the French Capital have been instructed to lay before the respective Governments to which they are accredited, the sense of this Government that injustice is shown toward the citizens and the food products of this country by the attitude which is being assumed in Europe on this question. Positive instruction has been sent to Lowell, at London, to meet Chump's statement and expose their erroneousness. Noyes, at Paris, has been telegraphed in the following terms, directing him to lay the facts before the French Government.

To Noyes, Minister, Paris:

WASHINGTON, March 16.—Your course respecting the pork decree of the French Government is approved. The statement of Crump's, Acting British Consul at Philadelphia, occasioned excitement and wide spread comment here, leading to a correspondence with the British Legation and Boards of Trade. Hog cholera is confounded with trichinoisis, which is an entirely distinct disease. But the representations regarding hog cholera are very greatly exaggerated. The most searching investigation fails to show any basis for the published statements. The mortality among very young swine from cholera, has been less this year than for several years past, and the condition of full grown hogs, which are alone used for packing and export, is this year exceptionally good. The British representative at Philadelphia apparently has been misled by designing speculators to the great injury of the legitimate trade. Deny in strongest terms the report of the British Consul, should the French Ministers appeal to it as justifying them in interdicting or restricting American pork trade. Instructions follow.

[Signed] BLAINE, Sec'y.

Gen. Simon Cameron's Recollections of the Czar.

HARRISBURG Pa., March 18.—Gen. Simon Cameron, who has arrived home from the South, regards the assassination of the Czar of Russia as unfortunate. He does not attribute the murder to Nihilism, but rather to the feeling of discontent among the Russian nobility at the advanced measures for good government that had been projected by the Czar. The nobility in his opinion indirectly instigated it. Gen. Cameron met the Emperor at St. Petersburg, while Minister to Russia, and conversed with him frequently. He regarded him as a very superior ruler, far in advance of the times, in matters of State, so far as they applied to Russia. The disaffection of the Russian nobility among other causes he ascribes to the freeing of the serfs, an act the Czar was never forgiven for by those of title, who still nurse their wrongs because they can not yet deal in human souls. The present Emperor was a youth while Gen. Cameron was in Russia, but he remembered seeing him on several occasions.

A Curious Case.

GALENA, Ill., March 18.—A lad named Burbyte, aged 14 years, died the other day at Jamestown, Wis., under peculiar circumstances. A short time ago he was trying to make a hole with his knife through a piece of candy, which he held in the palm of his hand. The knife blade split the candy, and, entering the middle of the hand, made only a slight wound. The boy went to school next day, and came home at night with his hand dreadfully swollen. It continued to get worse. A physician was called, who applied all the remedies known to medical skill without resorting to amputation. The swelling spread over the entire body, and the boy lingered in great pain until death put an end to his sufferings. It is supposed that particles of the candy got into the wound, poisoning the blood.

Adulterated Dairy Products.

BOSTON, March 18.—The Boston Produce Exchange to-day discussed the question of still further protecting their interests and the interests of the public in reference to the rapidly increasing traffic in "oleomargarine butter" and "lardy cheese." It was announced that the Legislative Committee on agriculture was heartily in favor of ample protection for the public against all adulterated dairy products. On motion, it was found to be the sense of the meeting that in addition to the present law there should be a clause providing that one-half of the fine ($100) for each offense should be paid to the informant in all cases where a dealer was convicted of selling oleomargarine without a plainly-written label upon every package, pound, or fraction of a pound.

Looking Into the Hog Scare.

CHICAGO, March 17.—Hon. Edward Serre, Consul General of Belgium to the United States has arrived in Chicago to investigate for his Government the true condition of the pork packing interest. It is stated that representatives of Austria, Spain and Portugal will also come to Chicago for the same purpose.

NORTHERN REGIONS.

Scientific Polar Expeditions.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—Two polar expeditions are to be fitted out

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

The Pope of Rome sent a letter of condolence to the Czar.

The Pope has proclaimed a jubilee from March 19, to the end of the year.

J. Stanley Brown has been appointed private secretary to Pres Garfield.

A cotton mill is to be built at Charleston immediately. Capital, $400,000.

A company with a capital of $400,000 will erect a cotton mill at Charleston, S. C.

An overflow for three miles at Fremont Neb., forces the transfer of Union Pacific passengers in wagons.

Mrs Sen. Hale, a daughter of Zachariah Chandler, will spend the Summer at Detroit, with her mother.

Hopson & Shepard, crockery importers of Utica, N. Y., have made an assignment with liabilities of $43,000.

Senator Kahlo, of Logansport, Ind., has strong hopes of being appointed Consul General to Berlin, the City of his nativity.

Deadwood has been organized under the recent act of incorporation. The Mayor is Daniel McLaughlin, formerly of Cheyenne.

The Voltaire, a Radical organ published at Paris, advises Alexander III. to break at once with Bismarck and the Germans.

Roussakoff has confessed that he threw the first metal bomb. The Czar's legs had to be amputated when the corpse was embalmed.

An order is published at Vienna prohibiting the importation into Austria of swine, pork, bacon or sausages from the United States.

The amendments to the Constitution of Indiana were adopted by the people at the election on Monday. The vote cast was a light one.

Samuel Lewis, a well known mining speculator, killed himself with strychnine at Deadwood. He formerly lived at Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti, Mich.

Ida Lewis, who is now keeper of the Lime Rock Lighthouse, off Rhode Island, has been presented with a medal by the Massachusetts Humane Society.

Maggie Doe, an inmate of the female department in the jail at Racine, made her escape by burning through the floor with the handle of the coal shovel.

Hunters found in the woods near Milton, Ind., Monday, the body of an unknown man badly decomposed. He had evidently frozen to death some weeks ago.

The Coroner's Jury in the case of Gen. Upton, found a verdict of suicide due to an overtasked brain the result of expected failure of work in which he was engaged.

It is believed that Rochefort and another Parisian editor will be prosecuted for publishing articles apologizing for crime in connection with the murder of the Czar.

Operative Tyrrell, of the Secret Service, is unveiling land frauds in Southeast Missouri. About eight million acres are involved, and the arrest of 10 or more officials is threatened.

The House of Commons voted $33,000 for the expense of criminal prosecutions in Ireland, and $144 500 for Irish policemen, notwithstanding the protests of Mr. Parnell and his followers.

A Nihilist placard was posted in St. Petersburg, Sunday evening, warning the successor of the dead Czar that if he failed to adopt a liberal policy he would soon follow his father's fate.

A deed for a tract of land at Ancona, N. J., on which to found a Mormon settlement was passed yesterday. The holder of the property is said to be residing thereon with two wives.

A feud engendered by litigation caused a wagon load of men to be fired upon from ambush at Princess Ann Court House, Va. Wm. Olds and Wm. Whitehorst were instantly killed.

Two members of the Canadian civil service at Ottawa, Capt. Wadmore and Capt. Wicksteed, indulged in a street fight in regard to a lady, for which the latter gentleman has gone to jail.

At San Francisco the Greenback Central Club, composed of Greenback Ward Presidents and leading Greenbackers of the City, last evening adopted resolutions endorsing the assassination of the Czar.

Lastavia Lasata, a Spanish girl, connected with some of the oldest families in Southern California, killed F P. Forster in the street in Los Angelos for seducing her under promise of marriage.

It is rumored that Vanderbilt is out with the management of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Road, in which he is a large stockholder, and is subsidizing with the Boston & Albany for a parallel road.

The Governor of Tennessee sent a message to the Legislature urging the passage of a law to settle the State debt with new bonds bearing 3 per cent. interest. There is little doubt that the scheme will be approved in both Houses.

A war vessel was required to take a number of process servers and policemen to the Islands of Letternullin and Feenish off the Galway coast, where processes are to be served on the property of Mr. Blake-Forster. The tenants on this property owe about $25,000.

At Constantinople it is stated, in view of the opposition of the ambassadors to the line of frontier proposed by Turkey, the Porte altered the terms of its proposition and has now offered to cede Crete, ceding on the other hand considerably less territory in Thessally.

A number of prominent bankers left New York for Washington yesterday, for the purpose of conferring with Pres. Garfield and Sec. Windom in relation to the general financial affairs of the Nation and more especially concerning the disposal of the balance of $104,000,000 of four per cent. bonds, which the Treasury is authorized to issue under the refunding act.

The Nihilists and Social Revolutionists everywhere are much pleased at the assassination of the Czar. They affect to believe that the new Czar will immediately inaugurate much needed reforms. In this connection it may be stated that the Revolutionists of both hemispheres are invited by manifesto to meet in Revolutionary Congress at London on the 14th of January of next year.

The Communists of New York held a meeting to rejoice over the murder of the Czar of Russia and extend congratulations to the Nihilists. In the course of a speech, William Drury, a French Communist, referred to the late Emperor as the greatest tyrant Russia had ever known and said he rejoiced that he had been killed. Resolutions and an address to the Nihilists, breathing a similar spirit, were adopted. One paragraph in the address encourages the Nihilists to "kill, destroy, assassinate, annihilate, even to its very germ, the aristocracy."

There remain no doubts that Count Herbert Bismarck has eloped with Princess Elizabeth of Carlotti-Beuthen, a lady of 36, who has a daughter aged 14. Both are known to have been at Messina, Sicily, about two weeks ago. The husband of the runaway wife has retired from public life, and will soon commence proceedings for a divorce. Prince Bismarck is said to be greatly annoyed at the conduct of his son, whom he intended should succeed himself, and his recent irritability is said to be the result of disappointment at the conduct of the wayward young man.

The New York Produce Exchange have received a long letter from Capt. Clipperton, the British Consul at Philadelphia, in which he attempts to justify the assertions of Vice Consul Crump, that 700 000 hogs died in Illinois in 1880 of cholera. He quotes the Agricultural Department at Washington as authority for a statement that the mortality was not less than 300,000, and concludes, therefore, if all the facts were known, the figures given by Crump would probably be found to be correct. The committee have replied, demanding an honest investigation of the facts, and a fair statement predicated upon such an investigation. Sir Edward Thornton has written a letter saying that Crump's objectionable statement was based upon a report transmitted to Philadelphia by the British Vice Consul at Chicago. He adds that he cannot doubt the statement was exaggerated.

Gen. Upton's funeral took place at San Francisco, Saturday.

There arrived at New York, yesterday, 1,145 immigrants.

Several Nihilists in Paris are to be conducted to the frontier.

Shad are selling for 50 cents apiece along the Hudson River.

The town of Ineboli, on the Black Sea, has been nearly destroyed by fire.

A complimentary reception was given to ex-Sen. Hamlin in Bangor, Me.

The new bridge over the Tay, in Scotland, is estimated to cost $3,500,000.

The Irish Disarming bill has passed a second reading in the House of Lords.

The new Czar and Czarina have taken up their residence in the Winter Palace.

Chicago had its usual snow storm Saturday, which was "the worst of the season."

A firm in Newburgh, N. Y., has sent to England during the past year 1,000 lawn mowers.

King Oscar II of Sweden and Norway seriously ill. It is thought that he will not recover.

The Albany Senate passed the Canal Toll Sheet Bill as passed by the Canal Board and Assembly.

Princess Amazula, daughter of King Cetawayo, of Zululand, arrived in New York Saturday.

William Fitzgerald a member of the Louisiana Legislature, committed suicide a few days ago.

A. Keene Richards, the well known turfman, died at Lexington, Ky., Saturday of pneumonia.

Charles Foster, a Boston bookkeeper it appears is a defaulter to the tune of between $5 000 and $6,000.

The coronation of the new Czar of Russia will take place at Moscow at the expiration of deep mourning.

Col. F. A. Rockwell has been detailed as Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds at Washington.

Hopson & Shepard, of Utica, N. Y., wholesale dealers in crockery, have failed, with liabilities of $100,000.

Rochefort, the editor of the Paris Intransigeant, has been summoned before a magistrate for advocating regicide

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Company, has declared a dividend of 1½ per cent., payable May 2.

The Illinois Legislature asks the appointment of Hon. Emery Cobb, of Kankakee, to be Commissioner of Agriculture.

The big bond steal in New York last week amounts to nothing. The bonds were not signed, and are of no account to the thieves.

Henry Dillon, of Buffalo, was bitten by a dog a few days ago. Gangrene set in, and the young man died on Friday in great agony.

The reunion of the Army of the Tennessee at Cincinnati, April 6 and 7, will be held at Music Hall instead of Pike's Opera House.

Gen. Sheridan discredits the reports from New Mexico relative to the killing of 30 teamsters and the destruction of a wagon train by Indians.

It is said that the German Crown Prince is afraid to go to St. Petersburg to attend the Czar's funeral. The Nihilists, it is feared, may throw bombs.

Fall River, Mass., has its usual strike on hand. Some of the striking spinners want more wages and some want changes in the business departments of the mills.

The total values of exports of petroleum and petroleum products for seven months ending January 31, 1881, was $21,839,336; for seven months ending January 31, 1880, $25,934,150.

The Count de Braza, an Italian explorer, who has been traveling in Southwestern Africa, reports having met Henry M. Stanley with his men, in December, at a point near the Congo River.

The tinners of Pittsburg and Allegheny have asked for an increase of 20 per cent. in their wages, and notify their employers that if it is not granted by April 1 they will inaugurate a strike.

The revenue officers recently raided the moonshiners on Runnet, Bog and Shooting Creek, Va., and had a lively time of it. A good many shots were exchanged, but nobody was hurt.

A raid has been made on illicit distilleries in Virginia. Several arrests have been made and important distilleries broken up. The distillers are armed and lying in wait for the revenue officers.

Fears are entertained that Deputy Sheriff John E. Murphy, of Kansas City, Mo., has been foully dealt with. He left that place for Beatrice two weeks ago, with a prisoner, and has not been heard from since.

A singular occurrence took place at Florence, S. C., yesterday. James Best, while under an apple-tree in Dr. Reese's orchard at that place, was struck by lightning, his grave dug by the bolt, and himself buried therein.

Dr. Carver, the American champion pigeon shooter, won the championship cup and $3,250 in the match with Graham, Scott, and Gordon yesterday at London. The deciding contest was between himself and Scott, when he shot 78 out of 100 birds, while Scott only killed 74 out of 100. Scott has challenged Carver for another cup and $200 a side within the next two months.

A brief dispatch from Monroe, La., announces that "a difficulty" occurred on Bayou de Saird, and that F. L. Ludeling, son of ex-Chief Justice Ludeling, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, was instantly killed, and B. Milchmor and Frank Dirk Grave seriously wounded. No other particulars are vouchsafed. From Washington, however, it is learned that the difficulty was simply a political assassination. Mr. Ludeling was a Republican, and consequently unpopular with the neighboring planters.

A dispatch from Stanton gives the particulars of the murder by Henry Upright of his wife in a street of that town. She was a girl of 19, and he left her as a servant a hotel, while he went into the woods as a lumberman. He says that she confessed adultery to him, and after trying to get "satisfaction" from the alleged seducer, and failing, he hunted her up, found her boarding at the Stanton House, followed her as she was trying to escape from his threats, and killed her in the street. It seems to have been a very brutal murder.

A Charleston, Ill., special says printed bills were posted up all over the City Friday night warning some 20 persons, about half of them being women, to leave the place or being regulated by the vigilants. Several of these people were whipped a few evenings ago, as previously reported, and most of them have left the City since morning. The vigilants are determined to rid the country of a gang of desperados and their women, who have burned houses and hay stacks, ham-strung cattle and horses, and robbed and plundered, and even murdered, for two years past.

The Past Week's Failure.

NEW YORK, March 19.—The failures reported during the past week throughout the United States and Canada as published in Bradstreet's, number 150, an increase over the record of the preceding week of about 15 per cent. The largest number in any State has been in New York, 27. New England States had 24, Middle States, 40; Southern States, 40; Western States, 29, and Canada and the Provinces, 17.

American Pork in France.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—Minister Noyes cables that the French Government has agreed that all pork loaded upon ships before the passage of the French decree concerning pork imported from the United States shall be admitted to France, subject only to inspection, and with as little delay as such examination permits.

An Isolated Case.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—Ex-Sen. Bruce is not an applicant for any position. He has quite a correct idea of the dignity due to the position he lately held. He frequently visits the White House in behalf of others, but asks nothing for himself.

The First Gun at Manassas.

BRISTOL, Va., March 19.—Capt. Geo. S. Davidson, died at Estellville this morning, aged 64. It was he who, as First Lieutenant of Latham's Battery, fired the first Confederate gun in the first battle of Manassas.

THE LAST OF EARTH.

The Funeral of the Late Czar.

NEW YORK, March 22.—George Augustus Sala telegraphs from St. Petersburg regarding the funeral of the Czar: "I have just been a spectator of one of the most magnificent, most impressive, most pathetic pageants on which in the course of a lengthened career, accustomed to the pomps and vanities of regality, from royal bridals and feasts to royal funerals, I have ever been privileged to gaze upon. Three cannon fired from the fortress directed the various mourners to get ready to take their places. A similar salvo about midday gave the signal to start when a sable standard, bearing in white the initials of the murdered monarch was unfurled on the fortress, the artillery began to fire minute guns and all the bells in the city began to toll. The whole route was lined by troops of the garrison, immediately behind whom the public were permitted to stand. No galleries or platforms were erected, as householders were only allowed at personal risk and peril to let windows or balconies to strangers. The police had taken exceptional measures to preserve order, in the maintenance of which the public, by hand bills were invited to participate. All houses and public buildings, too, showed the same amount of sable flags and drapery as when the Empress, not a year ago, was similarly conveyed from the fortress.

The route taken was from the great plain in front of the winter palace by the Admiralty quay and English quay to the Nichslawisky bridge, crossing which the procession took the street on the line of the Island of Vassiliostroffy across Ivolchkoff bridge, and by Alexander park to the fortress, entering the gate called Ivaneskain. At the funeral ceremonies of the Empress last Summer the route taken was by Trinity bridge, a wooden structure of barges which is removed at the approach of ice, although road ways across the frozen river are much used. The fortress is almost immediately opposite the palace. There is a strong superstition amongst Russians against transporting the dead over frozen rivers, and the route by which the cortege passed was some four miles in length. The procession consisted in all of 13 sections, comprising 172 groups, to describe which would occupy many columns. Among the noticeable features of the procession was a figure which attracted much attention, "The Knight of the Golden Armor," mounted on a gorgeously harnessed steed, carrying a drawn sword, and supposed to symbolize the bright and spotless character of the departed sovereign. After him walked a man at-arms in sable armor, with drawn sword.

Perhaps the most picturesque feature in the ceremonies were disputations, which figured for the first time in Russian history, representing institutions created by the late Emperor, the Zemstals, (Jusdices of the Peace), and a motley group of Peasants with one at least, of venerable and patriarchal appearance, all attired in their Winter garb, some with a colored scarf used to girdle their sheepskins and rough cloth overcoats. Following the priests came the gorgeous catafalque on which rested the coffin under a rich canopy of cloth of gold, surmounted by white ostrich plumes. "Salasays," we were asking (what next) when the hearse came suddenly in view, and the prodigious mass of humanity rapidly, so to speak, as a flash of lightning, uncovered. It was the most wonderous sight to behold, that black sea of hats and caps transformed into an immense expanse of upturned faces.

The funeral car was a bier of ebony and silver on wheels, with heavily carved silver spokes and a superstructure of black and silver. The whole was canopied by a superb material encircling the columns of the bier. The coffin of the illustrious deceased was almost hidden by a golden pall, lined with white satin, and the vast car itself was drawn by eight black horses completely shrouded in sable draperies. Four general aids-de-camps stood one at each corner of the catafalque, the polished metal wheels of which glistened in the sunlight. Sixteen general officers held the silken cords to the canopy. Behind the bier of his murdered sire walked Alexander III. in his imperial solitude, bearing his filial sorrow and his state cares, and symbolizing in this the last respect of his unique position. The Emperor was dressed in general uniform, wearing the ribbon of the Order of St. Andrew. Following the Emperor at a respectful distance came the Minister of the Household, the Minister of War and three officers on duty. Next in order followed the Grand Duke and Princes according to precedence with foreign princes.

STILL ANOTHER.

A Ship Canal Proposed Through Florida.

PHILADELPHIA, March 23.—Now that the Philadelphia capitalists who were about to reclaim the immense tracts of land in the State of Florida, known as the "Everglades," have completed their contract with that State, it is no longer a secret that one of the man features of the gigantic scheme is the building of a ship canal across the State of Florida. This project almost equals in importance that of reclaiming 12,000,000 acres of the richest land in the world south of the frost belt. A ship canal across the State of Florida has been the dream of engineers for many years. It would not only shorten the distance between the American ports on the Atlantic coast and all European ports to New Orleans, Mobile, and all shipping points on the Gulf of Mexico, but it would avoid the dangers to navigation which are experienced on the countless keys and coral reefs off the southern and southwestern coast of Florida. All ship Captains know of this danger, which is often aggravated by hurricanes, which are common to the southward of Florida, but which are comparatively unknown on the west coast in the region of Tama Bay. It is well known that a number of New York capitalists have been endeavoring for some years to get a charter from the State of Florida to build a ship-canal, but the Philadelphia company, with a great deal of shrewdness, have got ahead of them. It is believed that, in connection with the Isthmus Canal now in course of construction under M Ferdinand De Lesseps, the Florida canal must at once attract the attention of the capitalists not only of America but of Europe. As to the feasibility, not only of building a ship-canal, but of draining the "Everglades," the opinion of eminent engineers and army officers of the last generation are quoted by those who have this work in charge.

Financial Statement.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—United States bonds re deposited since Sec. Windom's decision, by National Banks which had previously withdrawn their bonds by the deposit of legal tender notes, $3,407,050.

United States bonds deposited by other banks which had not previously reduced their circulation, $1,828,500.

National Bank notes issued to banks which deposited legal tender notes during the pendency of the funding bill $1,818,750.

Amount issued to other banks upon bonds deposited $1,623,380. Total, $8,437,130 issued upon deposit of bonds during the same period.

National Bank circulation outstanding, $346,734,628. Legal tender notes on deposit by banks reducing circulation, banks in liquidation and insolvent banks, $58 921,104, leaving the net amount of the circulation of the National loans outstanding, secured by United States bonds to secure circulation $307,732,000, of which $46,983,850 are sixes of '81, $158,470,100 funded fives and $137,900,000 fours and fours and a half.

Secretary Blaine Ill.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—The burdens of office and the unremitting attention of his friends have been too much for Sec. Blaine, and he is ill. Instead of going to the Department yesterday, he went to bed. There is nothing the matter but overwork and over-anxiety. It is noticed that Mr. Blaine has aged perceptibly within the past year. His hair is whiter and the lines in his face have deepened.

THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—The credentials of Sen. Frye were presented and he took the oath of office.

Sen. Pendleton called up his organization resolution.

Sen. Anthony moved that the resolution be indefinitely postponed.

Sen. Conkling inquired whether it was Anthony's desire to have the resolution postponed in order that he might offer another resolution.

Sen. Anthony replied that it was. A vote was taken and resulted, yeas 37, nays 37. Davis (Ill.) voted in the negative, with the Democrats. When Mahone's name was reached, he also voted with the Democrats, and a buzz of astonishment ran around the assembly, but before the vote was announced he arose and changed his vote amid some applause and some vigorous hissing in the galleries. Vance and Edmunds were paired. The Vice-President then said, "The vote of the Senate being evenly divided the Chair will vote aye." He therefore declared the motion carried.

Sen. Saulsbery said he did not rise for the purpose of objecting to the vote of the Vice President, but to express his own opinion, that in the organization of the Senate the Vice-President was not clothed by the constitution with the power to decide, in questions of this character. He simply wished to say here and now was an assumption of power on the part of the Vice President, unwarranted by the Constitution. Sen. Logan said the Vice President merely followed precedents, and quoted a similar case in 1879.

The resolution offered by Sen. Anthony, re-organizing the Senate committees, and on a Republican basis, was agreed to—yeas 38, nays 37—the Vice President casting the deciding vote, and then the Senate went into executive session.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—Sen. Voorhees offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the hostile attitude assumed by National Banks toward refunding the national debt at a low rate of interest, and the recent attempt to dictate the legislation of Congress on the subject, are contrary to the best interests of the people and well calculated to excite their alarm for the future.

Sen. Morrell—"I would ask the Senator if he does not think that is legislative business."

Sen. Voorhees — "I supposed there would be no question raised about the right to offer the resolution, and by the consent of the Senate I desire to submit a few remarks upon it not asking for any action on the resolution."

Sen. Morrell—"I make a point against the resolution. It is out of order."

Sen. Berry contended the resolution was a matter of legislation, and not in order at session.

Sen. Voorhees said he had no idea he was running in conflict with any question of order. In offering his resolution he had been informed that the precedents were, that even legislative acts might be passed here at this session and await the action of the House at the next session. He understood the precedents stood in that way. He simply desired to submit a few remarks, which would be in the interest of the people on this question. It might be desired, on the other side, to rule the resolution out on a point of order. He did not know about that.

Sen. Conkling suggested to the Senator to withhold offering his resolution until to-morrow, so as to enable the Senators to look at the precedents and law on this question. The Senator would lose nothing by doing so. Such a resolution must be addressed to the legislative duties and functions of the Senate. The Senators did not admit, nor did he (Conkling) that in rising to speak in the Senate, the Senators were speaking to somebody else; remarks in the Senate was addressed to the Senate. Therefore if he were to say he wished to address the Senate on a subject which could not in any way be considered by the Senate, it would be an open admission that he was using his place in the Senate as he would at a hustings to speak to the people.

Voorhees finally acceded to the suggestion made by Sen. Conkling and withheld the resolution. The Senate then went into Executive session, and upon reopening the doors, adjourned.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

Senate Officers—Mahone's Position—Dissatisfaction Expressed—Extra Session Talk.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—There is some difference of opinion among Republican Senators, in regard to the choice of Senate officers. Arrangements were made to elect a Democratic Readjuster and friend of Mahone, Sergeant-at-Arms, but several Republicans objected to it, saying if they are going to elect Democrats, they might as well let the Democratic incumbent remain. State Senator Riddleburger, of Virginia, author of the bill to reduce and readjust the State debt is the candidate of Mahone, but cannot be elected unless every Republican Senator votes for him. Riddleburger is also objected to because his record on the Virginia debt question. It is now regarded as probable that new officers may not be elected at this session. Several Republican Senators are reported as saying that the best policy is to let the election go over until the regular or extra session of Congress.

Some disappointment is expressed here to day by anti Grant Republicans at the stalwart character of the nominations for New York and Illinois.

There is a strong undercurrent against an extra session, though the popular clamor seems to favor it. The President told a Republican Senator last night it had not been decided. A good many Western Senators and Representatives oppose it, and the financial interests are also opposed to an extra session. To day the opinion of some of the best informed Republicans was that a session will be called, but the matter will probably be determined at the Cabinet meeting this afternoon.

A Stubborn Old Savage.

ST. PAUL, Minn., March 22.—A runner just in from Woody Mountains says that Sitting Bull, with about 100 lodges and 500 to 600 Indians, is still there, and says he has no intention of returning to the United States, but will go to farming there, or move on to the Saskatchewan and go to farming. Black Bull says there are a good many young men in their camp whose relations have surrendered, and they are desirous of joining them, and may conclude to surrender, but those who have their families will not surrender. The old savage is as stubborn as ever, and has no more faith in the white man than he had when his hosts gave battle to the white haired warrior on the Little Big Horn, in 1876.

LINCOLN, Neb., March 22.—Thomas Burnhardt, engineer on a freight train thinking a collision was about to occur, jumped from his locomotive and fell beneath the wheels, being badly mangled and killed.

FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES

NEURALGIA.

It has been ascertained that the most inveterate cases of Neuralgia are cured by Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites. Can only be permanently eradicated, but the patient is made vigorous and strong; the stomach, the blood, the skin becomes healthy, and he obtains a new lease of enjoyable life.

The only satisfactory treatment of Neuralgia is by strengthening the nervous system. A person with strong nerves never suffers from this disease.

The virtues of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites are such that other remedies are seldom required.

The demand for Hypophosphite and other Phosphorus preparations at the present day, is largely owing to the good effects and success following the introduction of this article in the United States.

IMPORTANT.

Should the invalid have any difficulty in procuring the Compound Syrup in his vicinity, let him not be put off with any other remedy, because this article has not its equal in the diseases for which it is recommended.

NOTE.—Be suspicious of persons who recommend any other article as "just as good." The highest class of medical men in every large city, where known, recommend it.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, March 23, 1881.

The money market in New York since last week's issue of the BLADE has worked easy, and loanable funds were obtainable at from 5 to 6 per cent. The foreign exchange were unsettled, but rates were higher. Actual business in prime bankers' sterling was done at $4.81@4.83½ for 60 days' and sight bills. Government bonds were steady. Railroad bonds were fairly active but irregular. State securities inactive. The stock market presented no very prominent feature. A very conservative feeling has replaced the strong feeling and upward tendency of a week since. The business of the week was of very moderate proportions.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 6@6 per cent. on call. Prime mercantile paper, 5@6 per cent. Bar, silver, 112½c. Exchange weak at 479¾ for 60 days, and 482¼ for sight. Government Bonds quiet and unchanged. State Bonds active. Railroad Bonds in light demand. Since 11 o'clock the stock market has been firmer. At noon prices advanced ¼@¾ per cent, the latter for Northern Pacific 1881 registered, —; coupons, 103¾; new fives, registered, —; coupons, 103½; new four-and-a-halfs, registered, —; coupons, 111½; new fours, registered, 113½; coupons, —: Pacific 6s of 95, 130 bid.

The statement of the Associated banks of New York for the week is as follows:

	Decrease.	Increase.
Loans		$3,921,400
Specie		$3,681,000
Legal tenders	$ 220,400	
Deposits		6,362,800
Circulation		35,000
Reserve		1,902,000

The banks now hold $2,810,300 in excess of the legal requirements.

The United States Treasurer now holds $846,671.00 in United States bonds to secure bank circulation. United States bonds deposited for circulation for the week, $7,000 550. United States bonds held for circulation withdrawn for the week, $1,464,500. National bank note circulation outstanding, $345,613,013; gold notes, $1; 15,575,. The custom receipts at Washington to day amounted to $589,477, and the internal revenue receipts to $417,899. The Treasurer received $167,000 in National bank notes for redemption; the totals of such receipts for the week, compared with the same week of 1880, beings as follows:

	1880.	1881.
New York	$240,000	$310,000
Boston	60,000	61,000
Philadelphia	10,000	107,000
Miscellaneous	378,000	510,000
Total	$613,000	$997,000

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat.
Old Tennessee's	62	59¾	62¼	62	62¼	62½
New Tennessee's	61	59	62¾	61¾	62	62
Old Virginia's	31	32	32	32	32	32
New Virginia's	31	32	32	32	32	32
Missouri 6's	110	111¾	113	113	110½	111
Louisiana 7's	59½	60	61¼	60¾	59½	59¾

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat.
U. S. 6's 1881	102¼	102¼	102¼	102¼	102¼	102¼
U. S. 5's, new	101¾	101¾	101¾	101¼	101¾	101¾
U. S. new 4½'s	111¾	111¾	111¼	111¾	111¾	111¾
U. S. new 4's	113¾	113¾	113¾	113¾	113¾	113¾
Sterling, sight	483¾	483¾	483¾	483¾	483¾	483¾
Sterling, 60 days	480¾	480¾	480¾	480¾	481	481
Pacific's of '95	130	130	130	130	130½	130

DRY GOODS.

For the week just closed the dry goods business of the country has shown increased activity. Jobbers from various sections of the Union appeared in much greater numbers during the week immediately preceding and purchased with a very fair degree of alacrity. The outlook now is that the volume of business that will be done in dry goods the coming season will be largely in excess of last year; nevertheless there is a very conservative feeling among those engaged in the trade, and business will undoubtedly be done on a substantial basis, free from excitement. Jobbers are now well prepared to meet the retail trade and are entirely satisfied with the past week's business. The counters of Toledo jobbers are now heavily weighted with desirable goods of various kinds, and it is observable that the designs are new and very attractive. Stocks were sold closely put last year and the staples now received are entirely new and fresh.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

In Boston the movement in goods has been quite large, and manufacturers have been kept quite busy to meet the wants of the jobbing trade. In New York there was considerably more activity noticeable during the week. In Philadelphia there was no special feature, the quantity of goods sold being about the same as on the previous week.

GROCERIES.

Latest mail advices say the market for coffee is firm for Brazil, and a good inquiry has sprung up for mild grades. Sugars have ruled in favor of buyers. Teas have not shown much strength, excepting for best grades, which are fairly firm.

Dan Talmage's Sons & Co., Charleston, S. C., give the state of the Rice markret, as follows: Our market is active with a brisk demand. The general opening up of railroad transportation in the West has caused quite a rush of orders, and the spring trade may be said to have fairly commenced. Prices at this point being more in favor of buyers than at New Orleans, the bulk of the trade is being turned.

Telegraphic advices report sugars firm. Coffees steady. Teas quiet. Fruits steady.

HARDWARE, ETC.

The hardware trade has undergone no alteration. Very steady market; reasonably active, and good prospect for building material.

A dispatch from from Pittsburg gives the present state of the iron trade, as follows: The necessities of some Western companies have compelled them to enter contracts for some 15,000 tons of steel rails on foreign markets at a slight advance. American markets have suffered a slight and temporary relapse, but prices are in general firm. The Merchant Mills throughout the East continue to book orders at a shade under card rates, the competition still being too strong to obtain fully remunerative rates. The requirements of bridge construction show no diminution. The active demand for nails and spikes has stiffened prices 5 lates are in moderate request, and large or will be placed in a few days. Steel rail transactions are of less magnitude, but prices are firm, except for deliveries at the option of mills. A few small lots of iron rails were placed this week at $47. Old material has advanced slightly under a spurt of demand. English iron continues to be offered on low terms. The present quietude will be of short duration.

The market for iron in Cincinnati presents no new feature. Prices steady.

Hot blast foundry—Hanging Rock charcoal No. 1, $26 50@27 50; strong coke No. 1, $24 00@25 00; do No. 2, $23 00@23 50; American Scotch, 22 50@23 50. Forge iron—Strong neutral No. 1 mill, $21 50@22 25. Car wheel and malleable—Hanging Rock cold blast $40 00@43; Hanging Rock warm blast, $28 00@32 00; Southern car wheel, $33 00@40 00; Lake Superior, $33 00@35,00. Wrought iron—Common bar iron, ¾ lb, 2¼c; chaccoal bar iron, ¾ cwt., 3.70; sheet iron, principal brands, ¾ lb, 5.00@6.20c; horseshoes, ¾ keg, $5 00@5 25; Mule shoes, ¾ keg, $6 00@6 25.

WOOL.

The Boston Wool Circular of Harding, Martin & Co., says of the Wool market: The Wool market has been in a very unsettled state the past week, more so than any previous week for a long time past, and prices have taken a decided turn downward. The unfavorable turn has been quite unexpected by the trade, and the feeling is very general that there is no good reason for it. Great pressure to sell, in this and neighboring markets, has enabled manufacturers to distate their own terms, and they have taken advantage of this state of things to bear down prices to unreasonably low figures. At the close it is almost impossible to give reliable quotations. There is a good stock of both foreign and domestic wool on hand, but not more than the reasonable wants of manufacturers will require before the new clip is available, but the demand for goods has been quite limited for some weeks past, the block of the Western railroads interfering with the distribution of all kinds of merchandise, and in consequence sales of wool could only be made at very low prices. The market is, in fact, demoralized, but prices must soon touch a point when manufacturers will not hesitate to purchase freely, and it is evident that this point will soon be reached. It would, perhaps, be well for holders of wool, who are now so anxious to close up old stocks at prices that would not be thought of for a moment a few weeks ago, to consider how and at what price their present stocks can be replaced.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania X, XX, XXX and No. 1, 40@43c; Michigan and Wisconsin X and No. 1, 40@46c; combing and delaine, 45@48c; Territory, 17@30c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 19½@36c; California spring, 2?@30c; California fall, 19@?c; super and X pulled, 20@?¾c; scoured 34@30c; noils, 16@41c.

HOG PRODUCTS.

The Austrian Government, following the precedent of the French Government, has issued an order prohibiting the exportation into Austria of swine, pork, bacon, bacon or sausage from the United States.

FARM PRODUCTS.

The Commissioner of Agriculture values the farm produce raised last year at $2,000,000,000 of which $747,000,000, or more than one-third, was exported. The leading products exported were: Animals and animal products, $147,000 t 00; breadstuffs, $288,000,000; cotton, $221,500,000; butter, cheese, &c., $49,000,000. The value of the farm produce raised in 1880—$2,000 000,000—is equal to $40 for each man, woman and child in the country.

Brain and Nerve Food.

VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES

Composed of the Nerve-giving Principles of the Ox-Brain and Wheat Germ.

PHYSICIANS HAVE PRESCRIBED $100,000 PACKAGES WITH THE BEST RESULTS IN ALL FORMS OF IMPAIRED VITAL QUESTION, OR WEAKENED DIGESTION. IT IS THE BEST KNOWN CURATIVE OF CONSUMPTION AND ALL DISEASES OF DEBILITY. IT GIVES REST AND SLEEP TO INFANTS AND CHILDREN AND ADULTS. BY STRENGTHENING THE BRAIN AND NERVES WITH THE FOOD THEY ACTUALLY REQUIRE. Price $1 per bottle. Druggists or mail, $1.00. F. CROSBY, 664 & 666 Stuben ave., N. Y.

The Blade's telegraph dispatch from London this morning, regarding the markets, is as follows:

LONDON, March. 22.—The Mark Lane Express says: A week's fine weather has inestimably benefitted agriculture. Young wheats, though backward, are assuming a healthy appeaearce. Good samples have been in sellers' favor throughout the week; indifferent samples have been neglected. The demand has been of a very quiet tone and gradually lowering. Needy buyers, however, paid 6d@1s. advance. The improvement in some provincial markets Saturday reached 2s. owing to small offerings. There has been a rather better supply in London during the week. Flour continues in consumptive demand at unchanged rates. Foreign breadstuffs have been in very small supply. Of 19 cargoes which arrived at ports of call during the week, 18 were from America. One-third of the London supply of wheat has been from America. The demand is unimproved. Sellers of wheat had the advantage of the position and succeeded in obtaining 6d@1s. advance. Buyers of flour, however, resisted any advance, and trade therefore has been quiet. For American red winter wheat 48s. ? qr. has been paid. California wheat also improved. At the close speculative values were weaker, especially for American. Only eight cargoes on passage reported sold during the week. Millers are buying reluctantly, and there does not appear even a shadow of improvement in the general tone. Barley unchanged.

There was a large decrease in the visible supply of wheat at the large points of accumulation during the week, which in connection with the prevailing strength in the English markets, had a tendency to strengthen the price of wheat in American markets. The problem now to be considered is, will wheat hold up to its present value, or are the conditions such as to indicate a recession from the rates now ruling? A prominent factor in present calculation is, whether the unfavorable weather in the Northwest will retard the sowing of spring wheat to an unusually late period. If the spring be late, it is generally conceded that it will be doubtful if the out-turn at harvest will be up to that of last year. The prospects for good crop of Fall sown wheat are now good, unless some unforeseen circumstance shall occur to mar the growing grain more than at present, and advance on the score of injury to winter wheat cannot take place. It is claimed that the quantity of wheat ready for shipment from the Pacific coast is of such proportions as to effectually keep in check any bull movement based on present requirements of England, but so far as this is concerned, there is a great diversity of opinion as to the amount of wheat that will be sent forward from the locality named. But as the consumptive demand both in Europe and America is greater than last year, and as it has been shown that last season's crop in Great Britain has fallen much below anticipations, it is but fair to say that the prices of wheat in the near future should hold fully up to those now ruling.

Special reports from London and Liverpool are as follows:

LONDON, March 22—1:00 P. M.—Arrived Wheat quiet but firm. Arrived Corn quiet. To arrive Wheat quiet. To arrive Corn, market tending upward. Corn off coast 3d lower. Corn to arrive 3d higher.

LIVERPOOL, March 22—1:00 P. M.—Wheat firm, fair inquiry. Corn in better tone; more money asked. Cargoes off coast for United Kingdom and Continent—Wheat in fair demand. Corn in fair demand.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange the prominent grades of present delivery grain received